The QUIVERIAN

WYANDOTTE HIGH

VOL. 15 MAY 22

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The Quiverian

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Wyandotte

J. F. Wellemeyer

Give me a theme, O muse, for a song
Fitting a mood that can see naught but tragedy!
Give me a symbol of greatness that's gone,
Something to cheer and to banish despondency!
Shall we have nothing to bring satisfaction
Now that the once friendly towers are away?
How shall we celebrate Wyandotte's story?
How perpetuate Wyandotte's "Glory"?

Deep within the cavernous ruins,
Dank with the poisonous air of a tomb;
Peering beneath the ruins of slate roof,
Gingerly stepping through water soaked rooms;
Kicking aside charred embers of typewriters,
Stark, naked rows of them, silenced, pathetic,
Twisted steel girders and crumpled floor tiling,
Lockers agap, where flame as a vulture
Cleared sagging shelves of their burdens of yore;
Nothing, it seems, could his gorging appease:
Stage proscenium, artistic frieze,
Strings from pianos, rail from the balcony,
Mid trodden heaps of debris, what are these?
Fragments of Schiller! Goethe in pieces!
Shattered and broken, the busts of the great!
Is this the symbol that foreshadows fate?
Shall it be said that our glory is ended?
That like a broken statue it lies,
Trodden beneath the feet of the curious;

Fallen before the blasphemer's eyes?
Throbbing, the theme of a mighty ovation
Comes to our souls, perfect comfort to bring,
Ever increasing the great diapason,
This is the tribute of triumph we sing:
'Wherever athletes, sturdy and stalwart,
Strive for the honor of fair "Alma Mater";
Wherever students with honest endeavor
Search for the truth and nevermore falter;
Where the achievement of artists transcendent,
Builds for a civilization resplendent;
There shall the laurels of Wyandotte be spoken,
There be the record of conquest unbroken.
Thus shall we celebrate Wyandotte's story.
Thus we perpetuate Wyandotte's "Glory".

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Foreword

Again the Wyandotte Quiverian is presented in the form of a magazine with original stories by the students. In this year's annual we have striven to bring before you all your classes and sports to be remembered in future years. This idea is embodied in the cover which represents all phases of school life. For the seniors it contains pictures of classmates and for all it contains amusing stories about school life. The Quiverian staff has assembled this material in the hope that it will provide amusement today and memories tomorrow. Therefore, they are happy to present the

1936 QUIVERIAN

Quiverian Staff

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Quivira

Georgehardin G. Baker

A. B. McDonald is one of those rare persons who always give the impression of being busy and who really are. When I arrived he was surrounded with piles of letters and instead of chucking half in the wastebasket as we who write them sometimes think, he was giving each his careful consideration. He was quite engrossed in these at first, but when I told him I was there to talk about his recent Quiviran article in the Kansas City Star, he gave me all his attention.

Incidentally, Quiviran really is the correct way to spell it, and the reason for our interest in this article is the resemblance of the names.

When I asked him for a paragraph for our annual, he referred me instead to Paul A. Jones, a newspaper man in Lyons, Kansas, who did the actual research and made the excavations. Although MacDonald said that a word from Jones would be more appropriate, I think that he is rather well informed on the subject, but was just too busy.

The Quiverian wishes to thank MacDonald and the Kansas City Star for their permission to reprint this story with the accompanying pictures.

I wrote to Jones and was pleased to receive the following reply from him:

> The history of Kansas is interesting all the way through but the most thrilling and glamorous story is told in the very earliest chapters. Digging up all there is to know about Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado had been a long and tedious process for several men over several generations. It is not yet completed and will not be completed when the writer has passed to his reward or punishment. So, it is heartening to know that at least one big high school in Kansas is interested and will keep the torch of research burning.
>
> —Paul Jones.

In MacDonald's article we find that Jones first became interested in Coronado and his expedition when a farmer of Rice County came into his newspaper office with some ancient Indian pottery that his horse had broken into while they were plowing. Jones went out to investigate, and later, with his brother and some others, dug into the spot and found many more relics such as lance heads, pottery, hammers, and skin scrapers.

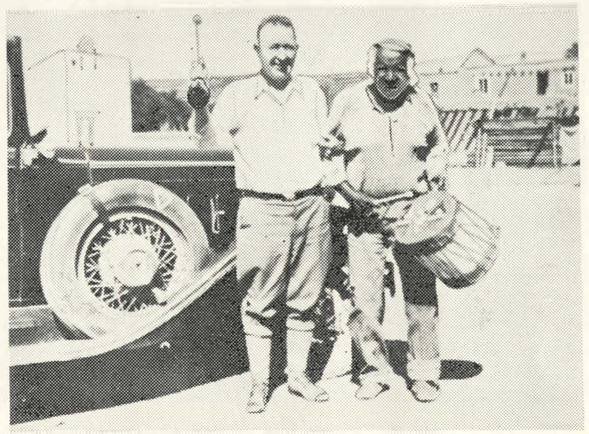
He returned again and again and found that there were hundreds of lodge sites from 30 to 40 feet in diameter containing these relics, and from the clusters of lodges he determined that there were six large Indian towns there at one time. He knew that they were before the time of white men due to the absence of articles brought by the whites to trade with the Indians.

Jones sent for Mark Zimmerman, archaeologist of Kansas, who estimated that at least 25,000 Indians had lived in those villages, 10,000 more people than live in the county now.

Zimmerman said, "You have discovered what many of us have insisted should be found here, the capital towns of the Indian kingdom of Quivira." This view was substantiated by Frederick W. Hodge, a leading authority on the American Indians and Spanish explorations in the Southwest.

Jones began gathering and studying all he could find about Coronado and his search for the "golden cities." He found that Pedro de Castaneda, a soldier of Coronado, Captain Jaramillo, one of Coronado's captains, and Coronado had written about Quivira. These documents are preserved in the royal archives of Spain. Through these and other translations Jones found that they had come first to the famed city of Cibola, which, instead of being made up of vast houses with roofs of gold, was merely a group of squat, dirty huts.

These Indians plotted to destroy Coronado in a peculiar way. They told him that the golden cities that he was seeking were farther to the eastward at a great city called Quivira, where the houses were plated with gold and all plates, necklaces, etc., were of gold. They said that an Indian whom the Spaniards called "The Turk" because of a turban that he wore would lead them to



Paul A. Jones with Tofilo, patriarch of Teseque Pueblo, New Mexico.

Quivira. In reality he led them out on the plains where they would die of hunger and thirst. They did not starve due to the fact that the plains were black with buffaloes and there was plenty to eat.

Isopete, a Quiviran Indian slave, when Coronado found himself lost on the plains, told of the plot to lose them and starve them to death. Coronado put the Turk in irons, and sending all but thirty-six of his men back to Mexico, he started north with Isopete as his guide.

They came to a river in a short time, as we know from the writings of Captain Jaramillo, and this is definitely established as the Arkansas because it is the only river that would be reached in traveling as far north as Jaramillo records they traveled, and that turned as he said it turned. In seven days, after meeting a Quiviran Indian hunting party on the way, they arrived at Quivira.

They found a collection of grass houses built in the shape of beehives. The people cared nothing for gold and had none as they were an agricultural people, tilling the soil and hunting for their meat.

Coronado described the Quivirans as finely formed, handsome men, 7 feet tall, and that the women were handsome and tattooed their chins and breasts. Now we know, that a century or so afterwards, the Sioux came down from the North and massacred most of the Quivirans, the survivors fleeing for their lives, and that their villages were destroyed and never again inhabited.

Coronado and his party stayed twenty-five days in Quivira, making a trip as far east as Lindsborg and back, and then, in August, they all departed for Mexico. Father Padilla, the priest of the party, returned the next year, set up his mission, and after a while went farther on to carry the cross to another tribe called 'Gaus' (probably the Kaws) and was slain by them. Thus Father Padilla was the first permanent white settler on the soil that is now Kansas.

Jones now attempted to find out all that was possible about Coronado. Of what family he was born, who he was, what became of him after his disappointing journey to Quivira, are all wrapped in obscurity. He made several trips to Mexico and only learned that Coronado had been an alderman in the council of the City of Mexico, and that after he returned from Quivira, he was discredited and deposed.

With the help of Joaquin Felipe Meade and Luiz de la Barra he found that Coronado's wife had been Beatriz de Estrada, a beautiful and accomplished woman and blood cousin to the king of Spain. She was buried in the church of Santo Domingo, and although all records were swept away in 1716 by a flood, it is supposed that Coronado is buried there also.

To date no portrait has been found of Coronado and Jones said that "it is reasonable to suppose that Coronado's portrait exists somewhere, probably in Spain, and we hope to find it there, as well as records of his death and burial and many more facts about him. Until I find all of that, my work will not be finished."

The only grass lodge now standing in Kansas. It was erected on Meade Island, in the Arkansas River, near Wichita, by Wichita Indians from Anadarko, Okla., employed by a historical society.

The Archives of '36

John Oakson
Georgehardin Baker

Despite the fact that there is great difficulty in gathering news because of the scattered condition of our school, the Wyandotte Pantograph was delivered to every activity ticket holder once a week.

The Pantograph this year was a five-column and four-page paper. Each week over two thousand copies of it were printed by the printing classes at Ninth and State under the direction of Nelson M. Connett and Coler Stephens.

The writing and editing of the publication was in charge of H. Lee Kammeyer, faculty advisor, and John Oakson, editor-in-chief. Bill Parsell served as the business manager and Sylvia Walinow was the assistant editor.

First row, left to right: Charlene Davis, Jane Waring, Lena Huber, Roberta Gobel, Marguerite Leffler. Second row: Georgehardin Baker, Elna Hogin, Lucille Whinery, Anna Marie Smith, Brewster Powers. Top row: Milton Worlow, Billy Parsell, Albert Muzenich, Lee Hassig, H. Lee Kammeyer, Advisor, and Richard Boyce.

The following students completed the editorial staff of the Pantograph: Pearl Movitz, associate editor; Betty Lou Cooper and Eleanor Lemen, news editors; Richard Boyce and Albert Sheets, boys' sports editors; Marjorie Jacobs, girls' sports editor; Janice Koran, feature editor; La Vera Jenkins, exchange editor; and Anna Marie Smith, advertising manager.

There were thirty "cubs" on the reportorial staff, whose duty it was to find and report news for the paper as well as being responsible for the writing of the news events.

The Valentine Day issue was edited entirely by the "cubs." For one week the editors took up the reportorial duties and allowed the regular reporters to learn about the editing of the paper in order that they might be experienced when they take over the editorial duties next year.

Robert Hamilton was chosen as the editor-in-chief of the special "cub" edition and Kenneth Charlson was selected as the business manager. Irvin Morgan was the assistant editor and Loretta Osborn, news editor, with William Hathaway serving as boys' sports editor.

The Pantograph was honored by the annual Kansas Interscholastic Press Association which convened at Lawrence, November 29. The Pantograph was chosen by the Kansas high school newspapers to fill the honorary position of president of the association.

The Quill and Scroll society this year was composed of ten members.

(Continued on Page 24)

Back row, left to right: Bill Parsell, Owen Van Arsdale, H. Lee Kammeyer, instructor, Richard Boyce, John Oakson, Albert Sheets. Front row, reading from left to right: Betty Lou Cooper, Frances Walsh, Marjorie Jacobs, Janice Koran, Pearl Movitz, Eleanor Lemen, Anna Marie Smith, Sylvia Walinow, LaVera Jenkins.

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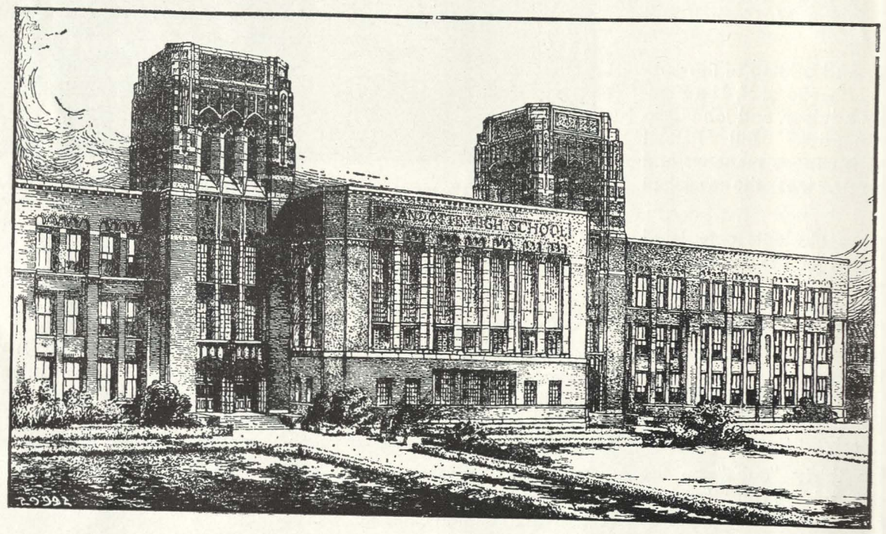


"It Won't Be Long Now"

Milton E. Worlow **Brewster Powers**

Yes, according to authorities on the subject. . . . . "It won't be long now!" After interviewing leading persons in charge of construction and administration it is found the general opinion is that rapid progress is being made on the building, which will be the most modern in the middlewest.

According to the architect's representative in charge on the project, the building is approximately 50% complete on the general contract, that is, the construction of the general plans, exclusive of roofing, windows, fixtures, and furnishings. It is further his opinion that it should adequately fill the needs of the school organization and provide for a substantial increase in attendance.

Principal J. F. Wellemeyer tells us that the building plans were so near perfection that they have never been changed since first laid out. It is one among approximately five schools in this territory which will have all equipment on the same grounds. The building will house 43 academic rooms, plus six biology, two chemistry, two physics, three typing, and two library rooms.

"As I was impressed by the enormous size of the building," C. W. Harvey, vice-principal, stated, "I immediately began wondering how the freshmen would find their way from class to class." A substantial increase in attendance when the structure is completed is anticipated.

You know, as you've trudged up the stairs around the school, you've often moaned, "O, if we only had an elevator." Well, part of this dream will be realized—there will be an elevator; but it will only be a freight elevator.

Now for the official statement of Vice-Principal J. Clyde Hume, who tells us, in part, that probably the most outstanding thing about the building is the fact that each department has been consulted as to equipment and type of room necessary for the most effective work—that the building should be a challenge to all concerned, both students and administration, to put forth their best efforts in connection with work, care, and consideration of building.

As to the date of completion, it is the general belief of those in charge that it will be ready for service by the fall of 1937. Work at the present is progressing rapidly.

Now for a few words by some of the teachers. According to Miss Bohl, head of the art department at Wyandotte, the new building will offer a means of expansion for the department's activities such as craft, art metal, pottery, and leather tooling in addition to the regular academic study. There will be adequate storage space for work and exhibit space.

For those persons who enjoy tackling verbs, prepositions, and all the other facts pertaining to grammar and literature, you have the word of Mrs. Nelle James that you will be offered the best chance possible to show your liking in either division.

And for our public speakers or persons interested in speech training, a distinct advantage will be presented in the form of an atmosphere more adaptable to speaking: that is, a room especially equipped for speech work with a platform (perhaps a glass of water if your throat becomes dry). So be prepared to make your little say from a platform.

Then for the fellow who likes to do a number of push-ups or a few toe touchers—we're sure Merle Henre and the other gym instructors will be quite willing to guarantee a new gym with airy, lighted conditions to further your endeavors in that line in addition to an all-around athletic program.

For the scientifically minded there will be a more expansive course and a better opportunity for individual experiments. Science laboratories will be well equipped and you will have ample time in the 60-minute periods to perform those physics and chemistry experiments.

So it may be easily seen that for two million dollars you are going to have the best of beautiful structures, equipment, and opportunity in all fields.

The structure will set the standard for high school construction and equipment in the middlewest in the future. It will be a show place of Greater Kansas City.

This beautiful and modern structure offers a challenge to those who will attend it to exercise the utmost care and consideration for the equipment and property to the end that this school plant will stand for years a thing of which every Kansas Citian will feel a personal pride.

The Hobby of Kings

Stamp collecting was once called "The king of hobbies, the hobby of kings," and so it is. It is not only interesting, but educational as well. Many important people are stamp collectors. President F. D. Roosevelt once said, "I can almost say that I owe my life to my hobbies—especially to stamp collecting." The thirty-second president of the United States, who started saving stamps as a school boy, now has a collection that fills thirty volumes, and provides happy periods of relaxation in the midst of strenuous official duties.

I, myself, am very much an amateur at this hobby. I have only a small number of stamps, but I expect to extend this interesting hobby. It was only a short time ago that I started stamp-collecting. When one collects stamps, one hears and reads the fascinating stories behind them. Some are rather gruesome and bloody; others, not so.

One of the many delights of stamp collecting is the constant possibility of unearthing some rare old stamps. Such rare occasions are confined not only to the old stamps, but also to an error in printing which may at any time create a new rarity in current issues.

—Brooks Fiedler.

Behind the Firing Lines

Bill Hathaway

G. H. Q. (General Headquarters) means various things to various people, but its greatest significance to students of Wyandotte is that it is the place wherein is situated the administration of our school. Everyone is there, Principal Wellemeyer, Vice-Principals Hume and Harvey, and last but not least, a highly efficient office staff, headed by Registrar Zumwalt.

Our principal, J. Fletcher Wellemeyer, also dean of the Kansas City Junior College, is a well-known educator of the Middle West and is noted for his conscientious application to his many duties. He was born in northwestern Illinois, the son of a minister. He attended several high schools, principally that at Dubuque, Iowa, where he played football and took part in several school activities. Later, when he attended Morningside College, he participated in that new game of basketball, then recently introduced. After his graduation from college, he was offered a position at a school in Gladbrook, Iowa, where he taught for six years. Next, he accepted a position as a teacher in a high school at Oklahoma City. For the last 13 years he has been at Wyandotte, where he has established an enviable record. He is married and has three children. He is in addition a proud grandfather. He has an acute sense of humor, and confidentially he isn't one-half so stern as he can look at times.

J. Clyde Hume, his right hand man, is well known for his piercing glare which could wring the truth from a wooden post. He isn't so bad when one knows him, there are times when he almost acts "human." Seriously, he is an "all-around good guy." He can take a joke on himself well, but the hard part is getting the joke.

He was born in 1899 at Bunker Hill, not Massachusetts, but Illinois. Soon his family moved to Kingman, Kans., where he attended school. When he graduated from high school, he enrolled at Friends University, dropped out when the United States entered the World War and enlisted in the navy. He saw no active service overseas, and when he was discharged at the close of the war, he returned to Friends University where he earned his A. B.

His first teaching position was at the high school at Bentley, Kans. From there he went to Springer, New Mexico, and accepted the offer of the principalship a year later and stayed there for two years. He left to go to the University of Wisconsin for his M. A. which he received in January, 1927. The following year he came to Wyandotte as vice-principal.

His domain extends over the entire Northwest unit and juniors and seniors will both bear witness to the fact that he allows no "shilly-shallying or dilly-dallying." While he does not rule with an iron hand, no one could ever accuse him of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. A confidential fact is that he reads detective stories when no students are around to see, but don't tell him I told you so.

C. W. Harvey is the vice-principal at the Central unit and everyone will testify to the efficiency with which his duties are performed. In addition, he is instructor in logic at the junior college. He presents quite a dashing figure in white knickers, hair ribbon and knitted coat and is quite a sportsman, especially a basketball player.

He was born in the year 1896 in the small town of Guthrie, Okla. In 1899 he moved to Kansas with his parents and settled in Republic County, Kansas. He went to the local high school, distinguishing himself both in athletic and scholastic fields of endeavor.

Shortly after the United States declared war on Germany, Harvey enlisted in the navy and distinguished himself while in the service. Upon being honorably discharged at the close of the conflict he entered the University of Kansas, where he gained his B. A. Following his stay at K. U., he entered the University of Chicago, where he earned his Master's degree. From 1923 to 1929 he taught social science at Neodesha, Kans.

In 1929 he accepted the position of instructor in the junior college and following the fire he was made vice-principal. He is married, and has two boys who may become teachers, too.

F. L. Schlagle, superintendent of schools and a former student of Wyandotte, was born in Linwood, Kansas, in 1892. In 1903 he moved to Kansas City, where he later attended Wyandotte high. Upon graduation, he attended the Kansas State Teachers college at Emporia, Kans., where he received his B. A.

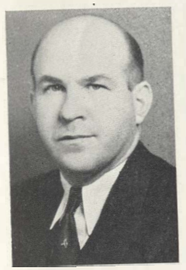
He entered into the teaching profession and has been principal of two Kansas City schools, Argentine and Roosevelt. In 1923 he received his M. A. from Columbia University, New York City, and the following year he became assistant superintendent of schools. In 1932, following the resignation of M. E. Pearson, who had held the office for thirty years, he became superintendent.

Those who have observed him say that the cares and duties of his office since the fire have put gray into his hair, and Wyandotte's students agree that he has done his best to get them in a new building soon.

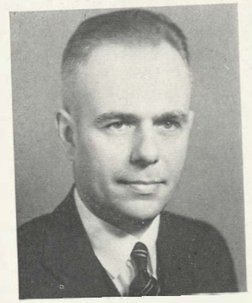
The office staff consists of Registrar Verna Zumwalt, Sara Griffith, Vera Starr, Jo Gruendel and Virginia Voorhees. All of them are probably well known to Wyandotte students, although they no doubt know the students better, at least, sometimes they seem to have read one's mind and followed it with a pink slip. Still, taken all in all, they serve well and conscientiously and no fault may be found with them.

And now the good ship Wyandotte with her skipper J. F. Wellemeyer, mates J. C. Hume, and C. W. Harvey, bosun's mate Zumwalt, and her merry crew, Griffith, Starr, Gruendel, and Voorhees, goes sailing on into a rosy-downed future carrying a hilarious passenger list. May favorable winds and fair weather continue to mark her cruise.

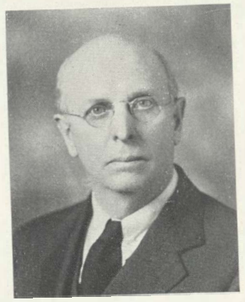
Administrators



J. C. Hume



F. L. Schlagle



J. F. Wellemeyer

C. W. Harvey

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Good Morning to You

or

Hiyou Teach

Nina Howe

TEACHERS:

Here we are in our very own section,
As usual, separated from you.

PUPILS:

It's true you SEEM to know your places
Which is more than most of US do.

TEACHERS:

WE should not have said THAT so loudly;
But what can we do but completely agree
When for once you show unusual brillance.

PUPILS:

Now, that isn't sporting in any degree.
Sarcasm's all right in the class room
And cruelty in exams;
But this isn't the place, we warn you,
To hand out dirty slams.

TEACHERS:

All right, we're much too tired to argue.
Go home and fight if you must.
We're paid to see that you study and learn;
But, pupils, forget that we've fussed,
Give us a chance.
You wriggle and twist,
You fib and cheat,
You honor the fist
Far more than the pen,
And you'd rather dance
Than study at night.
Come, give us a chance!

PUPILS:

O, teachers, please make up your minds
On what you want us to do;
You never agree on anything,
Except two or three of you.
You give us homework by the ton,
And tests on every book,
And quizzes, exams, and themes, and "fives,"
And never a pleasant look.

Our life is hard, we work—we work—
We must never play at all.
If you must send us to our deaths,
Please let us run, not crawl.
O, teachers, please make up your minds
On how we should behave.
Some let us chew our bubble gum,
And whisper too,—and save
Our tests till later on, if we
Can make them rave and rave
About some favorite theme of theirs;
Others make each one a slave.

TEACHERS:

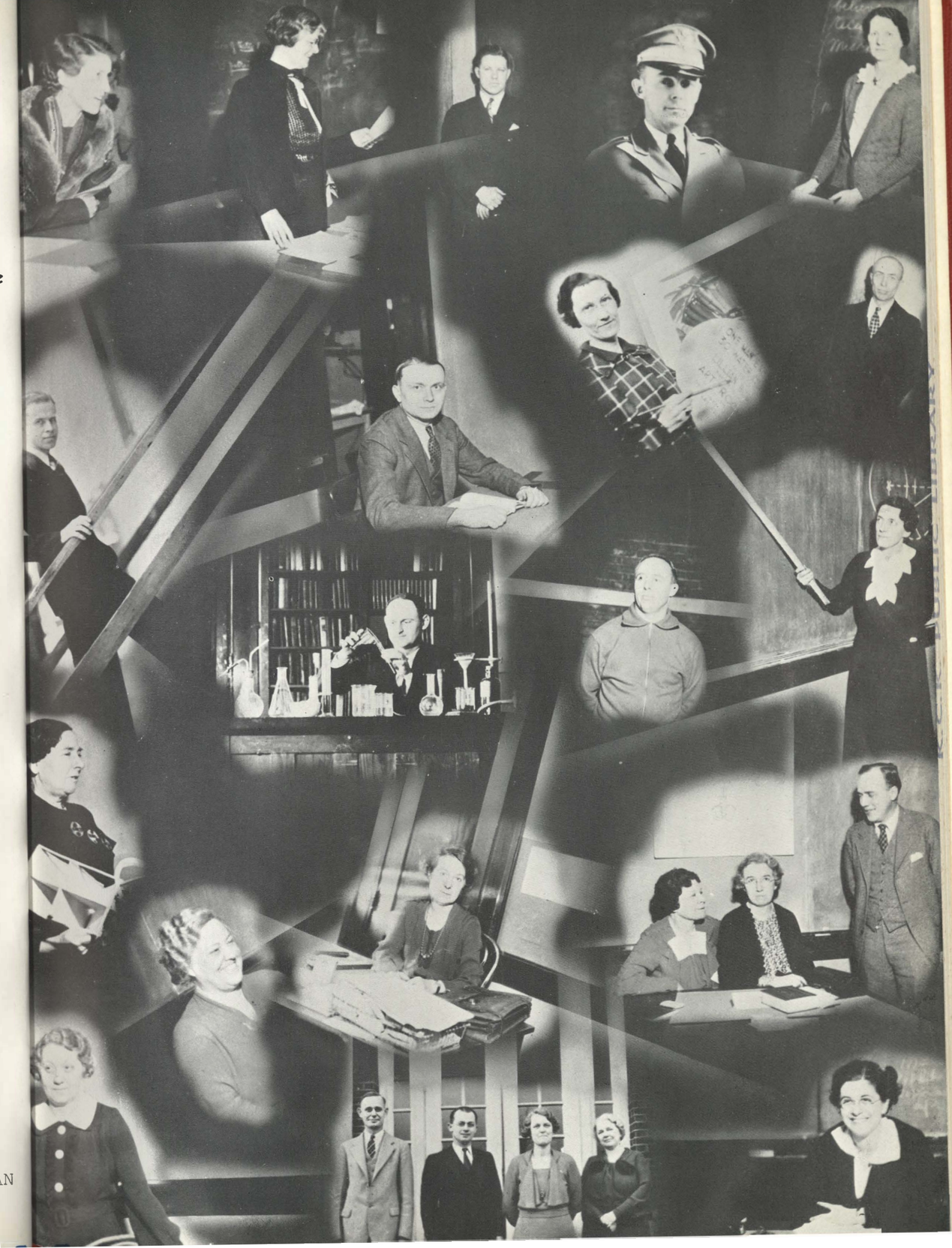
And right back at you—
You sharpen leads,
And write sly notes;
Shoot wads at heads
And stall for time;
And pay no heed;
And call us names;
And will not read
The simplest tests.
You try to trip
Us on our facts,
And catch each slip
With fiendish glee.
Behind our backs
You mock at us;
What each of you lacks
You blame on us,
Who never shirk,
Who only ask
That YOU do your work.

PUPILS:

We guess, in spite of everything,
We ought to say,
And mean it, too, till school is out,
You're all O. K.

TEACHERS:

Thanks—and we like YOU a lot,
In spite of the stony glance;
And we are willing to see you through,
If you'll only give us a chance.



Our Peripatetics

English

Florence Hoar, Eng. 3-4
L. D. Kruger, Eng. 3-4
Besse Helwig, Eng. 5-6

Sadie Glucklich, Eng. 3-4
Everett Varner, Eng. 3-4
Mrs. Nelle N. James, Eng. 5-6
Leonard Jensen, Debate

Louise Timmer, Eng. 1-2
Helen Martin, Eng. 7-8
H. Lee Kammeyer, Eng. 5-6

History

Lulu McCanles, Modern Hist.
Ina Woestemeyer, American Hist.

Zuma Smith, American Hist.

Edith McConnell, American History
Marion Divelbiss, Constitution

Math

Maude Moles, Geometry
Nelle Cook, Intermediate Algebra

Margaret Schimelfenig, Geometry

Percy Parks, Advance Math
Mary Helwig, Solid Geometry

Science

Gladys Beck, Biology
Ward Neel, Botany
Glen Lehmann, Chemistry

Peirce Astle, Biology
David Gray, Physics
John Tevis, General Science

Neal Evans, Biology
W. P. Harriss, Physics
W. F. Brown, Physiology

Foreign Languages

Emma Schaich, Latin
Judith Stapleton, Spanish

Grace Smith, Latin

Nina Howe, French
Mary Sellards, Latin 3-4

Food and Clothing

Effie Adams, Foods

Reba Smithers, Clothing
Reva Lint, Cooking

Florence Palmer, Foods

Vocational

Elizabeth Patton, Typing
Alta Haynes, Shorthand

Lavina Dille, Typing
Clarence Bolze, Bookkeeping
Guy Salyer, Vocations

Inez MacKinnon, Adv. Typing
A. D. Peterson, Gen. Bus.

Trades

S. L. Adair, Mechanical Dr.
Ralph Collins, Woodworking

J. T. Wolfe, Advance Wdwk.
Carl Jones, Mechanical Dr.
Nelson Connet, Printing

Guy F. House, Wdwk.
A. L. Guy, Auto Mech.

Gym

Ardis Hill, Girls Sophomore Gym
W. D. Roy, Boys Sophomore Gym

Helen Barnett, Girls Jr. Gym
Merle Henre, Boys Sr. Gym

Chorus

Lorraine Ellis

Art

Lillian Bohl

Band

E. A. Hosking

The Roar of the Lion

Jane Waring

Gather round, all ye students, gather round! You are about to witness a review of the broadest and most interesting shows we have to offer! Four years of English in ten minutes! and if you are in the right frame of mind, I promise you it will be a show, and a good one.

Shall we start with the seniors? Perhaps we should because, after all they've been through, they do deserve first notice, don't you think? Quiet now——Ah!

The noisy atmosphere of the crowded halls has subsided with the slam of the door behind us. We find ourselves back in Merry England when the knights were busy being chivalrous and the ladies, being dainty and beautiful. This is during the span of years that includes Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer. Shakespeare's plays are the thing now, as they probably always will be; and we are just in time to see the great tragedy, "Macbeth." We sit quietly, wondering if so much trouble, heartache, cruelty, and deceit could ever really have happened; but, yes or no —it is still wonderful and we feel almost as if we were there.

But all good things must end, it seems, for the bell crudely jerks us out of our day dream and thrusts us again into the halls full of talking, laughing people.

In case you didn't realize it, we are now among the juniors. It seems that during the last interval of time, America developed into a great nation, consequently, we find ourselves tangled up in "Tanglewood Tales" and Irving's "Sketch-book." This period seems to interest the boys and girls more. Perhaps it is because they can more readily see the possibility of these famous men really living and not seeming to be so artificial as in Queen Elizabeth's time. To us, the setting is not so colorful because these authors write more of the supernatural than of real life; however, on reading Whittier's "Snowbound," we wonder why we never thought of a snow storm the way he did, or how any man could think of such beautiful words of description.

America has given the world some great geniuses and it is thrilling to know that, not so very long ago, they laughed and played within a few miles of where we laugh and play now.

Again the bell, and now we are on our way through familiar streets to the Central Junior unit. Sophomore English is composed mainly of what everyone is anxious to get out of, yet knowing all the while that it is one of the most necessary things in life —grammar. The atmosphere has changed from the long, high-sounding phrases of "Thanatopsis" to "I catch

the ball"—subject, predicate and object. It does seem rather unfair to pick every little sentence to pieces that way, but they tell me that good grammar and bread are the staves of life. I wonder if that's why you have to have good grammar to be well bred. Oh, dear! But, be that as it may, one of life's big moments arrives when you can say "he is going with Susie and ME" without batting an eyelash and no longer grow dizzy over WHO and WHOM.

Now we are budding authors (though we'll have to admit that many of us are nipped in the bud). At night we are busy composing themes, and writing poetry. We go to bed with a satisfied feeling of work well done, only to have our hopes shattered when we see the graded paper. It now faintly resembles a would-be seamstress practicing the cross-stitch (in red). Oh, well, enough of this business-like world! Let's go into the home stretch, and see what the freshmen do to pass away their time.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." Where have I heard that before. Now, don't tell me—I have it! "Julius Caesar." When Shakespeare was writing those immortal words, little did he dream of the thousands and thousands of boys and girls who would declaim with wild gesticulations his inspiring words. What would he have thought if some one had told him that in the centuries ahead there would be scarcely a student in the world who could not quote at least a few of his great lines? Perhaps it is just as well that he could not foresee and forehear little Reginald Smythe lisping, "I come to bury Theasar, not to praithe him." It might have paralyzed the beloved bard right there.

Not changing the subject or anything, but there is one thing that is different about this class. They're all taking it so seriously and studying so diligently, (or perhaps we should limit this to the ones who don't have older brothers and sisters who have taught them a few of the tricks of the trade); but anyway—it looks as if I put my pen down there and came out here, having gone round and round for too long so-o-o——.

A LITERARY EPIC

Miss Helwig had given her English class an essay to write on baseball during class. A few seconds went by and Jimmie Batty put up his hand and said that he had finished. Miss Helwig, very much surprised, called him to the front of the room and when she looked at his effort, this is what she saw:

ESSAY ON BASEBALL

"Rain. No game."

The Einstein in Us

H. Brewster Powers

Has the desire to understand some of the fundamental principles of our natural life ever gripped you? This obsession to know more of our environmental and mechanical life has led many of us students of science this year to seek out additional knowledge concerning various fields of scientific studies (though some of us were required to do so). In general science (if you seniors remember it) the students are urged to bring in practical examples of the various scientific subjects in which they engage during the year. In the more advanced sciences (don't get swelled-heads, you sophomores and upper classmen!) which, of course, are more specialized in one branch of science, we young Einsteins and Curies go out into the scientific world and, through contacts with men who have risen high in their chosen field, through reading outside material, and through experimentation, learn and publish in notes and charts much knowledge concerning a part of a science in which we are particularly interested.

However, closer to the classroom routine, we young scientists attend with much interest our chemistry laboratory, our general science room, and many other interesting demonstration rooms. Probably nothing is so spectacular as to watch a chemistry experiment for in some of these we have a miniature fireworks plant within our school. What is so fascinating as to watch miniature machines do their work in our physics laboratory?

With all of this, we still must take into consideration our experiments on biological life which show us a multitude of the real facts governing the actions of life. All of these experiments, however, merely imprint more definitely in our minds those things which we take (or are supposed to take) everyday from our text.

As some of us read our lessons from day to day perhaps we do not take into consideration the drama of life about which we are reading. We read our Shakespeare or our Chaucer, and we are conscious of the fact that we are reading a literary creation which portrays people as they act in life. However, when we read our science lesson, we are too prone (according to our teachers) to take these facts just as they appear before us; and because we do this, we miss out on a great deal of our science, for science shows what makes people and their surroundings act as they do in our drama of life. The great majority of us (still using the science teacher's words) go to our chemistry laboratory or any science class trying

to remember those six fundamental types of machines or those four principles of the ionic theory (isn't it hard?)

A big development in the science activities this year was the organization of the Radio club. This club is composed of all physics students and has made rapid strides in radio during the year. A short wave sending and receiving set was built by the physic students and installed in the laboratory. As a result the students learned through everyday handling of the set the technicalities of radio; therefore during the year they did not have to spend many, long, unfruitful hours trying to penetrate the mysteries of radio by reading about it.

The objectives of the science teachers have been not to keep us in misery (as we sometimes surmise), but rather to show how one particular science is of service in all fields of life; not only this, but it has been the intention of the instructors to train us studes to reason, to observe, to be open-minded in all things, and not to be too gullible in accepting other opinions. The work of a course in science not only helps to give us appreciation of life itself but also helps students find their place in life.

"MY EXHIBITION"

The day was one of the first zero days we had and all you could see for blocks was ice, ice, ice, everywhere!

It was a little past noon and I was starting back to school after a long vacation. I was in rather a gay mood, having on a new sweater, and just feeling good generally! I heard a horn honking for me, so I said goodbye and went out the door. As I left the house my grandmother's words floated out, "Remember the ice on the steps!"

I sailed forth gallantly, looking neither right nor left. But my gallantry was short-lived for I slipped and down I went. The rest is all rather vague for it happened in a "split" second. The only thing I remember is that I rolled over and over, landing with my feet in the air, my head on the ground, and my books in my arms. I suppose I should have felt shaken and acted a little more ladylike and dignified, but as that is not my nature, I laughed. In fact, I was laughing so hard that when a chivalrous boy helped me up, I could barely stand. And did the other boys and girls give me the laugh? Well! You can just about imagine. And what is more, they said they had never seen anything so ungraceful before. You know how I felt.

And now for the sad, sad ending. I dislocated my back and right hip; so maybe it wasn't so funny after all. What do you think about it?

—Lucille Selma.

The Language Trio

Myrl MacCallum

Of the numerous departments in Wyandotte High School the language department, besides being very interesting, is of special value to all students. That is a broad statement, but when we stop to consider that every student must speak the language of the English, and that this English language is composed in a great part of not only Anglo-Saxon words, but of words of French, German, Latin, Spanish, or any one of many other origins, we see that the English speaking student can benefit himself by learning something of at least one of these foreign tongues.

However, this is not the only way in which the student benefits from this study. He gains a knowledge of the lives of his neighbors from across the water—their dress, customs, weapons, tools, and through this knowledge he is better able to understand their actions.

That the "dead" language of the Caesars contributes much to our "live" language is known by every student. We cannot read a paragraph in any newspaper, magazine, or book without running across words of Latin origin. How interesting our reading would be made if we knew the exact source of these words—if we knew the romance connected with their origin!

Besides being of general interest to every student, Latin is of special interest to the student of the sciences —medicine—chemistry— botany, etc. Imagine the consternation that would result in the medical world if all Latin were suddenly to be taken out of their terminology! Because of the custom of using Latin terms in the profession of medicine, the student must take not only four year of Latin in high school but must continue his study in college. Studying under Miss Mary Sellards and Miss Violetta Garrett, the Latin student can gain a very comprehensive knowledge of this subject.

Four years of Latin are offered in Wyandotte high school, the student being allowed to take as many years as he wishes. In the first year he learns the fundamentals of the language, later studying Virgil and Cicero. Miss Sellards requires not only a comprehensive knowledge of the textbooks, but also a supplementary study. In this way she promotes an interest that could not be gained through the textbook alone.

By gaining a full knowledge of Latin, the student not only trains himself in that subject, but, because the Latin language is so carefully constructed, he trains himself in accuracy in all his work.

Latin is not the only foreign langauge offered at Wyandotte high. The language of Spain and that of France attract a large number of students every year.

Spanish is attractive in that it is such a beautiful language, and in that it is the tongue of a romantic people. One who intends to work or to study in Mexico, South America, or Spain should certainly gain an understanding of the language spoken in these countries.

In Wyandotte high, the classes use a regular Spanish textbook four days of the week. On the fifth day, they supplement their regular studies with, perhaps, a more interesting work. On this day readings and stories in Spanish are given, current events pertaining to Spain, its people, or its language, are taken up. This meeting on the fifth day of the week may be likened to a club meeting, for it is entertaining as well as instructive. On this day one may hear an enlightening talk in English on the customs and manners of Spain, or may hear an easily learned Spanish song or poem, or even witness a dramatization in Spanish.

Before the term is over, Miss Stapleton requires each student to to work out an extra project. This project should be something different from the regular work; it must be interesting and it must be original. Here the student has an opportunity to pursue his own interests in the subject and so gain a sort of a vacation from the ordinary studies in grammar.

Closely related to the Spanish tongue in point of beauty of sound, is the language of the French. The vocabularies of artists, designers of dresses, writers, contain many words of French origin. Some one has said that French is distinctive in that, not only the well educated Frenchman uses it correctly, but also the cab-driver, and the sweeper of the streets. Can we say that of our own tongue? When spoken correctly, that is by a Frenchman, the French language is beautiful; but when poorly spoken it becomes nasal and uninteresting. Under Miss Nina Howe, the students are coming to understand this fact, and are striving for perfect pronounciation, as well as correct construction.

The French course requires two years to complete, but a student can stop after the first year if he so desires. Although the work in the textbook is interesting, the students have gone further and have organized a French club. This club they call "Pot Pourri" or in English, "a pot of stew." Just as there are a great variety of things in an English "stew," so a great variety of activities are promoted in the French club. Here, the French students give readings, tell stories, dramatize plays and bring out current French events; in fact they touch on all phases of French life and French activities.

If these languages—Latin, Spanish, and French—were offered only as mere courses of study, to be undertaken only to gain credits for graduation, they would have small attraction indeed to the student. But when the student can, through the study of these languages, become acquainted with the people who speak them naturally, he becomes interested in them. The language department should not be viewed as a place of hard work—although much hard work is entailed—but rather as a place to be explored.

Elmer

Georgehardin Baker

"Elmer! . . . Elmer! I thought that I told you to get ready for school. Did you hear me? Get your nose out of that book and go wash up for school."

How many of us (under different names of course) have heard the equal of the above statement. As this seems to be the life of most of us, we are going to present the story of Elmer, our hero. He is entering school and makes the following remarks to himself.

"Oh heck! I told Mother I would be too early for school when she told me to get started. Now I'll have to wait an hour for that old bell to ring. Hi, Jean, come on over here and stand around. What have you been doing? Haven't seen you since last time.

"Ugh, oh you dog, Bud! Why don't you push a fellow when his back is turned? Take that.

"Oh, Oh! There's a tighter place than this somewhere, maybe, but I don't want to be there. Don't push. Just shove! I hope I still have these books when I get up these steps. Ah, at last I've made it. Might as well hang up this coat. It's hotter than Hades in this school. Oh, Oh! First bell! Doggone it! They only give a fellow about one minute to hang up his coat after he gets in here. If I run I'll make it. Ah, just made it to my seat. My teacher would just love to send me for an excuse. It's a funny thing, but it always seems to be my turn when it's time to hand out those pretty excuses, you know—orange ones. I've never had a teacher yet who thought much of the color, though. Say, what's our assignment in here? What! we had to write out the answers to all those questions and have a speech for today? Oh, gosh! I forgot all about it. I'll tell her that I left the questions at home and didn't have time to do the speech. She won't believe it, but she wouldn't believe any other one either, so what's the use. Say, Spud, did you hear that? She said she wouldn't collect the problems till tomorrow. That's swell. But what am I going to do about that speech. All I can do is to hope she doesn't call on me. . . . Oh, boy, only two more minutes. I won't have to give that speech after all. Huh! You mean me? Well, ah! Of course I know it, teacher. I'll give it. Here goes! Ah, ah, the subject of my speech is . . . Hurrah! Saved by the bell! Boy

that was close, too close for comfort. Well, next hour is study. I'll get all my home work in there. One of these days I hope someone will donate a private elevator for these awful stairs! Hello, Margaret, How are you? Why you don't say! Tell me about it. Go ahead. . . . Oh goodness, it's time for the bell and I've been listening to you and forgot to get my home work. Oh, what will I do for the rest of the day? And with a test in Latin, too! Well, there's the bell. Is it cold and wet out here? I'll take my death of cold some day going to the portable and I'll sue the board of education. See if I don't. Warm at last! Hope I can do that experiment that I was assigned for today. . . . Well, I stumbled through the experiment. If no one starts to ask question, I'll slide through with a four. Here comes Mr. Harriss to ask me questions. Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me! I didn't hear your question, Mr. Harriss. Why does it? Well, it's this way; when ah—ah. Can you imagine that? He said to give the boy a windy five. Well, I never! Ah, there goes the bell. Now to my math class. I have all my problems for today."

We pick up Elmer in his sixth hour which is history.

"I wonder what we do in here. Probably read the 'American Observer.' What's that yellow paper for? Oh well, maybe its just been on the desk all day. Did you say that we are going to have a test? I knew that I should have studied that history. Only four questions. That's bad. Each wrong one takes off too much. I don't know any of these. Is that the fire alarm? Oh, boy! John, John Hamilton, what's the answer to the . . . Now I'm prepared for the test. I never learned so much history in five minutes in my life. This is one test that I'll make a good grade on. . . . There goes the bell. School's out! Every teacher gave me enough home work to last a week. Guess I'll have to stay in tonight."

At home.

"Hello, Mother. Did you say Tom called up about a dance tonight? Sure, I can go. Haven't a bit of home work."

"The Four Warblers"

Perhaps you cannot guess who the four warblers are. To find out, we need to skip back to the thirteenth day of November in the year of nineteen hundred and thirty-five which was "Armistice Day."

Wyandotte pupils had an assembly. On that assembly the "Four Warblers," (we will call them) the girls' quartette, appeared.

To be one of the "Four Warblers" one must have a tryout. The tryouts this year consisted of about nine girls.

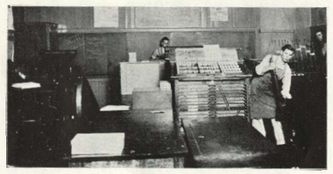
One is called upon to sing when she feels as though her heart could beat no faster. She places her right

(Continued on Page 74)

Type Lice, Glue, Compass And Wrench

Milton Worlow

Baker man, candle-stick maker . . . or should it be mechanic, wood-carver, printer, or draftsman . . . all flourish here at Wyandotte for the mechanically minded. If the old family bus or taxi (dime a ride) doesn't need a first class work down, then build a table or cabinet, or go in the printing department and pick out a stickful of type (leaving out the type



lice); blue prints from the draftsman will express that idea you have in mind, too.

Whether the family taxi or flying machine (what do they call 'em "Flying Jennies") needs a first class remodeling or a first class segmentation to see what makes it tick, (or rattle) it can be done with the "greatest of ease" in the "grease pot" on State avenue. If you can't put it together, prevail upon Mr. Guy or "Skipper" to come to the rescue with his prized knowledge; and don't forget to fill the gas tank. Whether the Chevy has knee-action or the Plymouth (rock) has floating power they still have an engine that eats gasoline and brakes to (Stop,, Look, and Listen) wear out; so, until you trade it in for a Flying Flea, they'll still need the attention of a grease monkey and mechanic.

Before you start to build that dog house, or perhaps a big house, you'll find that it would be well to lay out a few plans of procedure—accurate ones too. That's just what many studes (and believe it or not, girls, too) have found out. It's easy enough to draw a hurried inaccurate plan, but to make one in which all minute details are shown is a far different story—as a student of Mr. Wolfe or "Long John" Jones, or Sam Adair can bear witness. Even that "Future '37 school" had to be laid out on paper. So you see that the man behind the scene is really the fellow every one is interested in (even dependent upon). There are many possibilities in this field of endeavor—architect, draftsman, engineer, etc. They have quite a number of cute gadgets (you know, baby must play) to operate with in somewhat the manner that doctors do when they vaccinate you. So the slogan here is "Be an Engineer," (not on the railroad but in the office).

And for the wood-carving soul it is "Be a cabinet-maker;" for all it takes is a well-thought plan and clever hands to produce some really effective and lovely home accessories. They have even found, as Santa's assistants at Christmas, a source of heart-felt fun; and even if some do not believe in the old bewhiskered fellow, it does not reduce the enthusiasm for these hobbies. But, seriously, hand made furniture is very much in demand and these boys can make things to charm the most critical eye. Even the hawkeye (for defects) Mr. Wolfe, has to smile with pride at some of the fine, finished tables, cabinets, etc. So, in addition to beautifying the house, the woodworking student finds an opportunity to develop either a hobby or a vocation.

Now for the group which makes the world go round. The printer, with his (clean) ink and dirty rags, upon whom the world at large is dependent for the daily headlines of war and killings and even the Pantograph. Although the department in our school is only a miniature of a big time printing office, it gives a very good idea of what is needed for this world (roll along, printing press). The press rolls, the clatter begins, out comes the sheet, and behold the news. Sounds simple, but it takes experience to find just how difficult it can be. The youthful printers are kept busy setting up the sheet, and checking for errors and fallacies before it can be locked in the press. Not only is the newspaper dependent upon the printer, but a large part of the advertising and the success of programs and plans depend on him. To satisfy the new director of this department, Nelson M. Connet, the job must be of the best quality possible. Thus we can say that if it meets the satisfaction of the boss, it will probably fit the need for which it was intended.

As you realize, the world of today is not in need of unskilled workers, but rather of persons who are skilled and capable. We have offered here four very specialized fields of endeavor, any one of which is outstanding and necessary for the comfort and benefit of the world. Even the funnies in the daily are printed, the rocking horses are planned and built, and the autos and machines must be understood in order to make them rattle and purr properly.

Darn! Darn! Darn! A Pan And A Skillet

Lucille Whinery

The snip of scissors and the hum of sewing machines are heard as you pass Miss Lint's room on the third floor. Girls are learning to make dresses and patterns, repair clothes, darn socks, and to be skilled in the art of sewing. They learn to make dresses, pajamas, and even little baby clothes. The purpose of the sewing classes is not only to teach girls how to sew, but to instruct them in the art of homemaking. They learn how to furnish houses attractively, to choose colors which suit the furnishings, and all the minor tricks of housekeeping which transform any house into a home.

In the cooking room to which the delicious odor of food entices the students, we find Miss Adams working with the students, teaching them to prepare delicious and tempting meals. The means by which a person becomes a charming host or hostess is included in the cooking classes. They are taught how to manage a home on a certain income each month by budgeting the home accounts.

It is surprising to note how many boys are enrolled in cooking classes; and according to teachers, they do just as good work as the girls. This alone shows that a greater interest is being taken by the students in home management.

Home making, how to cook and sew, keep the house, clean, budget the income, and rear children has always been the woman's main duty; and even today there are more women whose occupation is in the home than there are in the business world.

These classes in home economics are helping the girls of today, by modern methods and the use of budgeting, to become the best of home makers tomorrow.

To create interest and competition in their work, various contests in home economics have been sponsored by the Kansan. These contests have greatly appealed to the girls. It has helped the students to sew carefully and take a greater interest in their work. The sewing and cooking classes teach the students how to carry responsibility and develop leadership among them.

It is the opinion of many brilliant men and women that boys and girls should be taught to take an interest in their work of providing more well planned and organized homes in the future. In this way the homes of the younger generation will be healthful, delightful places, which will help in doing away with slum sections in the cities and will invite the young people to entertain themselves at home, thus increasing the morale of our citizens.

So we raise our hats in a salute to you, Homemakers, and may you be successful in your work, the greatest in the world.

EDUCATION

To all of us the word "education" has a different meaning. The meaning I have is found in each letter of the word:

E ach of us is the material.

D esire is the fuel.

U niversal is the appeal.

C olor and creed are the barriers.

A wakening is the aim.

T ruth is the goal.

I nquiry is the start.

O pinion is our donation.

N arrow-ness is the enemy.

—Bessie Pyles.

That First Year

Virginia Bantleon

The first day of school had come. Each student of Wyandotte High was glad to get started once more. The freshmen were ushered in among the sophomores, juniors, and seniors to become a new part of Wyandotte High School. They assembled at the Memorial Hall and each one was given a card telling him where his classes would be. That afternoon the freshmen and the sophomores went out to Central Junior to start to help make this Wyandotte High's best year.

Then came the election of officers, the assemblies, the football season, in which we won the city and Northeast League Championships, and the basketball season, all helping to make this one of Wyandotte's very best years.

At one of the freshman-sophomore assemblies Chief Hailstorm, a Cherokee Indian, entertained by singing songs and dancing in the fashion of the Cherokee Indians.

At the Christmas assembly, Miss Hoar's expression class entertained by giving a play.

The Pep club was organized for the freshmen and sophomores. They had an election of officers. All those elected were sophomores and Miss Moles was appointed sponsor. The requirements for any member are as follows: he must have a paid-up activity ticket, attend all home games, and must try to maintain a high standard of sportsmanship for Wyandotte.

Then came the end of the first semester; only one-half year more of freshman life! Only one-half year more to struggle through to the freshman's goal of sophomore! Those who had gym the first semester changed to civics and those with civics changed to gym.

First we were the little frog in the big pond, but later we will be the big frog in the little pond. The freshmen of Wyandotte eventually will be seniors.

The end of that second semester is over and the final exams that every one crammed for are all finished. We are all ready for our vacation which we deserve. Next year, when we come back to school, there will be a new class of freshmen and we will be "high and mighty" sophomores.

Left to right: Ernest McLain, treasurer; Alice Lobaugh, president; Virginia Bantleon, secretary; Miss Louise Timmer, sponsor; and Frank Spillman, vice-president.

Dreaded Senior Exams

Roberta Gabel

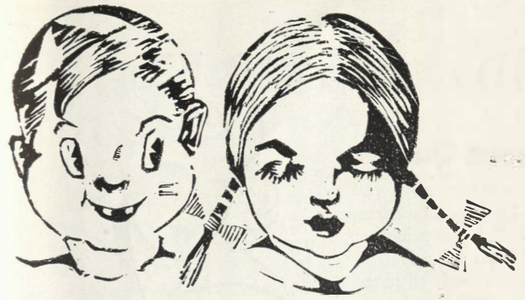
When our school begins in September, we become very excited renewing old acquaintances we haven't seen for months, making new friends, and seeing who our teachers are and how we like them. Since very little studying has been done for months, we enjoy getting our lessons.

Then, when it gets close to Christmas, we almost forget we must study. Our minds wander to the good times we have planned for the vacation and what Dear Old Santa will bring us. After vacation is over we begin to realize that the semester exams are just around the corner and we start wondering if we will pass this semester and get our names on the senior list, (or flunk early and avoid the rush). We have to refuse dates and burn the old light till the wee hours to study. Some of us even remember to say our prayers each night.

It seems as though the eighteenth week will never pass; and, going down the hall to a semester exam, we think we feel as one who is going to his execution. When we receive our grade cards we realize, we did pass those terrible exams in history, English, etc. (But how?) And, we think we would feel more secure if we studied harder for next springs exams; but, of course, we forget all this and just can't refuse the fun.

As the weeks slip by, our teachers inform us it is time for final exams. Then, we must study harder than ever before. We get awfully nervous, thinking maybe we won't graduate. We even find a few gray hairs; but at last we succeed in struggling through it all, even though the suspense of waiting while exams are being graded is dreadful.

Holy Geeeeee! Imagine! We passed! Doesn't it feel great to think we will honestly graduate? But—doesn't it leave an empty feeling when you think of leaving school, friends, and teachers? However, all "good" things must come to an end; so, as we now visualize our career, we can thank Wyandotte for the foundation of our higher education.



The Class of 1938

Darwin Cunningham

The sophomore class, the largest one in school, is composed of 404 boys and 377 girls—making a total of 781. Although we sophomores like to think of ourselves as one big happy family, we must admit it is a bit difficult because we draw our membership from schools in all sections of the city as well as from many schools outside the city limits.

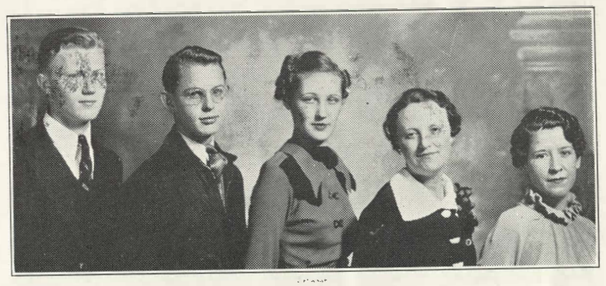
In the September elections Stanley Lind became our president, Joan Darby, vice-president, Darwin Cunningham, secretary, and Maxine Atchison, treasurer. Miss Florence Hoar is sponsor of the class.

Our assemblies this year have been interesting. On Armistice Day we had as our speaker, C. R. Johnson, principal of Central Junior. It was truly a great occasion. The second was a Christmas assembly at which time a play, "Grandmother's Christmas," was presented by eight sophomores, all members of Miss Hoar's expression class. On January 28 a reward assembly was given to both sophomores and freshmen at which time Chief Hailstorm, a Cherokee Indian chief, entertained us with stories, Indian dances, etc.

We have excelled in athletics this year, having sophomores on basketball, football, and swimming teams.

Early in the year plans for the Junior Pep club, under the sponsorship of Miss Moles, were well under way. Of the 140 members of the club more than two-thirds are sophomores. Paul Wysong is president this year, Mary McCrosky, vice-president, Anne Lucas, secretary, and Roy Edwards, sergeant-at-arms.

From our popular president, Stanley Lind, we all heartily accept the challenge, "Know Your School, Know Your Class."



Reading from left to right are: Stanley Lind, president; Darwin Cunningham, secretary; Joan Darby, vice-president; Miss Florence Hoar, sponsor; and Maxine Atchison, treasurer.

WAITING

If there are any who attended school long enough to remember those hours of waiting you sometimes have, I think you will agree with the things I have to say. Even though most children, young and old, enjoy their schooling and realize the benefits it will eventually bring, there are always hours, minutes, or seconds that are spent in waiting.

First, you wait so long for a cab that you are minus all of your fingernails. You are so afraid of being late that you begin to think of just what you will tell that girl in the office who writes the excuses.

But to your great surprise you arrive about fifteen minutes early and begin a second period of waiting. You get so tired of standing in the hall with all those books in your arms—books that you are required to bring.

Much to your horror you find that the teacher is going to give a test that day. He said it was on gerunds—you never heard of that before! You wait for that sheet of yellow paper and all this time are asking that "smart" girl what a gerund is. The teacher spies you and says a pupil who cheats must take a zero on the test and go to the office and wait till the test is over.

It must have been an awfully long test because you sit in the office the most of that period, waiting for some pupil to come after you. Finally, when you have all but decided to go to sleep on the bench on which you are sitting, Tom Jones comes in and apologizes for forgetting to come sooner.

You were confident that that class was about over; but when you arrive, the teacher is having an open discussion on those funny things called gerunds. You whisper to the boy in back of you to tell you what time it is and find his watch has stopped. You then ask the girl in front of you and find she hasn't any watch. Then, just as you start to ask the girl beside you, the bell rings and school is out for that day.

You wait all day in school—but isn't it worse to go home and have to wait for dinner?

—Maxine Haggard.

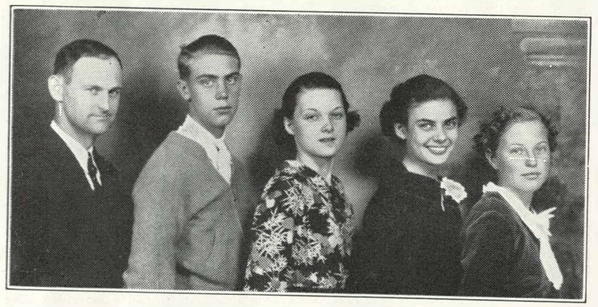
Seniors To Be

Kenneth Charlson

Education is something that, after we have mastered it, is one of our lifelong servants. Each year, we moreso fit ourselves for the work that will round out our lives. Education coupled with friendship are two of our rarest possessions, and yet cost us nothing in gold. Would you like to go throughout school without friends or go through life without an education? Of course the answer to both questions is a flat "no." Education is not only "book learning" for some of our most valuable education is derived through experience. Has high school really been boresome to you? Always the answer is "never." Would not your young life seem vacant if it were not for the education you obtained and the friendships you made while in high school?

Many friendships are made in high school that will last throughout life. What single thing can you treasure higher than a true friend? No doubt all these thoughts have gone through the minds of the junior class. We are now in position to weigh these things and give our own logical conclusion.

We have made notable progress since we first entered Wyandotte. With this thought, we wish to thank Glenn Lehmann, our sponsor, who has worked hard to make our class the success that it is.



Left to right: Glenn Lehmann, sponsor; Kenneth Charlson, president; Betty Jane Baldwin, vice-president; Lucille Selma, secretary, and Lucille Jennings, treasurer.

We may not have as many students enrolled, but it is not only the quantity but the quality also that counts.

Our activities have been of unusual calibre this year, with many of our boys and girls taking an active part in the school sports.

"Guess Again," supported by a deserving and talented cast, proved quite a hilarious comedy and kept everybody guessing until the plot was solved.

All of the activities have brought us to the realization that we have passed another milestone of our lives. With regret, yet with joy, we leave this year behind. We must pass to a division of higher education, but we hope that we have instilled in the memory of the others the task that our class has so successfully performed.

Tribulations

The wineballs had such a lovely taste
That you wouldn't have thought of letting one waste,
And then as the end of the day drew near
Your jaws were sagging and your mouth felt queer.

The Kay Cees banquets, they were fine—
Along about seven we would dine,
And I'd eat so much I'd be sick next day,
This is the price I'd have to pay.

The Receptions were lovely in every way,
I looked forward to them for many a day,
But, I'd dance so long that my feet would ache,
And I'd love to go soak them in some cool lake.

The games were as lively as they could be,
And of course I'd always like to see
Each one of them; but when scores were tied,
I could have fallen down and died.

Think of the plays! Now weren't they fun?
And think of all the praise you won,
But I remember when the time came to speak
I forgot my lines, and my voice did squeak.

The high scores that I'd receive on a test
Would show that I had worked my best,
But then I think of all the times
That I got sixties or sixty-nines.

But don't think for a minute I'd give up one,
Because that would mean giving up all the fun
Of laughing, and dancing, and feeling so gay,
And living a life in the right sort of way.

—Florana Phillips, '36.

Marching Along Together

Marjorie Jacobs

Tramp, tramp, tramping along the halls at the Northwest unit march thousands of feet a day. It's a wonder that they haven't worn regular paths in the flooring, or perhaps they have. "Quick, Watson, my microscope!" Don't bother, though, for I've thought of something else to do. I'll just watch those feet as they prance, bounce, gallop, or trudge around.

And starting on my right, ladies and gentlemen, what should I see but a pair of green suede and kid "spectator sports" walking along at a great rate of speed. I don't need a magnifying glass, either, to tell that such classy-looking shoes belong to classy looking Mary Jane Winkler, and I am right, so score one for the common people.

Well, and here's a nice pair of spats meandering down the hall. I'm sure that they're the property of John Bauer, junior. No one would recognize John without his spats. (Or for that matter, his spats without John!)

Right behind John come a pair of blueish-tinged ankles encased in brown woolen anklets and attached to brown oxfords. If the socks were green knitted, or red and white striped, I would say they belong to Marianna Bantleon, or Harriet Darby; but no, they're brown, and hence I'm sure it's Doris Loy.

Coming down the steps, everybody, I spot a little gal with snow on her shoes—beg pardon—it's just Eleanor Lemen in the first white oxfords of the season. (They must be trying to scare Jack Frost away!)

A pair of boy's black oxfords are next in line, and because they're bouncing along with that peculiar, conceited, bouncey walk of Earl Edson Spaith, I'd swear that's who they belong to. (He's probably trying to catch up with his Eleanor!)

Here's a pair of green corduroy skipants forming an odd contrast to the white low-heeled straps and anklets, Mary Jane Davis—Dashing behind her is Lois Wilson in her bright blue pair. (I wish her hero, Johnnie Claflin, would come along and fill up space.)

The two neat black ties topped by the black skirt with the two wicked slits and the watermelon pink sweater must belong to Venice Anderson, tall senior—And since those boy's brown Scotch brogues, dashing up to meet her, are extremely on the largish side, and since large shoes denote height, it needs little more deduction to know that it's Bill Bond.

Talk about your extremes, I am now gazing at the extraordinarily tiny, brown kid, broad strapped slippers of red-haired Charlene Davis, hunting Ralph. (Poor Charlene never has any shoes.)

Those darling, exceptionally narrow, brown suede flats could belong to no one but Mildred Morgan, senior gal—With her are Alice Grable and Kathryn Miller in low-heeled black kid sandals and tie pumps respectively. Here's another sandal enthusiast; brown kid this time, so it's Jane Waring all by her lonesome for a change—No, wrong again, those brown buck, "foot" thick crepe-soled, peasant oxfords walking beside her are the property of George Nesselrode, or I miss my guess. ('Tis said by some that he wears them so's to add a few inches to his altitude!)—Benny Allen has a pair too, but today he is wearing his black monk-type oxfords with side-buckles—pip pip—which reminds me of James Albert Sheets and his black monk-shoes—He'll be along any minute now, and speaking of an "angel," here he comes, wings, halo and all.

Some more little shoes, tinier yet, and two pairs of them the same size. That will be blonde Mary Cook and Virginia (Baby) Crowley in a nice friendly argument about something or other—And here come a pair of sloppy looking, low-heeled black pumps that could belong to no one but my dearest pet enemy—so what! Those slender, aristocratic-looking feet coming in the brown, processed suede straps are under the auspices of slender, aristocratic-looking "stromberry blonde" Nadine Dahlin, senior.

Walking in dreamy fashion are two dainty 5AAA's encased in green gaberdine pumps with big buckles—Margaret Greenway, if you please—And off in the corner I spot her brother, Fred's, brown suede oxfords next to his steady's grey suede pumps; and everybody knows his steady's Loretha Hanneman.

Well, if that isn't Richard Pierce down on his knees; but don't get excited ye femmes, he's merely tying his black kid oxfords and in the process, managing to expose a wide expanse of black silk hose and girlish ankles—And there's Pearl Movitz trotting along on her size No. 5A brown oxfords looking the school over for her Sophia Deutch.

I'm sure that those small 4AAA's coming down the steps alongside a pair of boy's black oxfords must belong to another pair of steadies (at date of manuscript) Rachel Bartlett and Jack Ramsey—Those feet with the extremely high instep COULD herald the fact that it's Gladys Voss dashing along the corridor, but since this certain pair happens to be most awfully small, I know they're the sole understanding of sweet Iva Belle Lucas, who is pretty small herself.

Over in another corner your correspondent (again, ahem) spies the two honorable gentlemen dubbed Wally Johnston and David Shade—BUT dear public, I can't see their feet for those positively remarkable, brilliantly hued, red, green, yellow, purple, magenta, etc., etc., and etc., patchwork jackets they're sporting—Reawlly, ol' Chap, they bedazzle me. Billy Rebenschied has one too, but this theme is on feet, so I'll leave him out (Poor Billy, he'll be so disappointed).

Those brown ties, topped by exceedingly slender ankles, announce to each and all that it's my "twin,"

(Continued on Page 51)

Our Grads

Isabelle Browne

As seniors of Wyandotte High, we all realize the problems awaiting us on our graduation night. When we leave the doors of our beloved school where we have truly experienced much joy, and a few youthful sorrows and tragedies, we will be as the saying goes, "on our own." But there is not a senior in our school who will consider the doors of Wyandotte locked behind him. The friends we have made among both our classmates and faculty members will remain and be cherished forever.

Out of the largest graduating class in the history of the school we are proud to present a staff for our school paper and annual. We have winners in all the sports, topnotchers in scholastic standings, a fine group of class officers, members of the Quill and Scroll and a large membership in the National Honor Society.

But all of this could not have been possible without the help, encouragement, and untiring effort of our class sponsor—Miss Nelle Cook. Miss Cook has seen us develop from a large group of "green" freshmen to our new role of "dignified" seniors, having been our sponsor all four

years and helping us to make the grade all along.

The senior play was a "hit" with a fine cast under the direction of Miss Lucy Dougherty. Many of our seniors are members of the Kay Cees pep organization and a large number of seniors attended the annual football and basketball banquets both as members and as guests. The senior class was proud to have several of its masculine members taking the Summerfield Scholarship tests.

Th senior activities passed in usual procession: The play, the assemblies, juniors-senior reception, baccularеate, the senior breakfast, and at last the night we all dreamed of—graduation!

We seniors look upon our graduation as a milestone in our lives. Some face that night with a sigh of relief and others, thinking only of the joys and forgetting the few hardships, face it with a pang of sorrow. Some of the class will go on to school; others will look for work, but whatever our fate, we will never be able to look upon the colors of Crimson and White without experiencing a thrill.

The Archives of '36

(Continued from Page 5)

For the first time H. Lee Kammeyer included juniors in his recommendation to the society. The members selected were: John Oakson, Bill Parsell, Georgehardin Baker, Sylvia Walinow, Richard Boyce, Betty Lou Cooper, and Anna Marie Smith, seniors; Rob Hamilton, Loretta Osborn, and William Hathaway, juniors.

The Pantograph was aided in gathering news from the Central Junior unit by the Junior Cubs, an organization under the sponsorship of L. D. Kruger, English instructor.

The staff put out two six-page editions during the year, the Thanksgiving Day edition and a special "Safety" edition in keeping with the national campaign for safety.

The Quiverian this year for the third time appears in magazine form. This year, perhaps more than heretofore it contains material centering around school life. Literary contributions were again sought from the student body and only that which was judged the best is present in the magazine. Georgehardin Baker, editor, and Brewster Powers, assistant editor, formulated the plan of the book and made the assignments. Janice Koran was the feature editor and was in charge of the selection of the best material and of conceiving interesting features as an added attraction. Her assistants were Jane Waring, Roberta Gabel, Charlene Davis, and Lucille Whinery.

All organizations were under the charge of Marguerite Leffler, who was assisted by Myrl McCallum.

Elna Hogin, with the aid of Miss Lillian Bohl, was in charge of taking and arranging the pictures of the senior class.

The boys' sports department was completely under the supervision of Richard Boyce, while Anna Marie Smith edited the girls' sports.

Milton Worlow designed the cover and Albert Muzenich, the other staff artist, made the cuts that are found throughout the publication.

Lee Hassig was in charge of the faculty section and took many of the teachers' pictures himself.

The financial department was under the control of Bill Parsell.

Lena Huber took care of the secretarial work and the exchange of magazines with other schools.

Mathews Studio took the pictures and Burger Baird Engraving Co. did the engraving. For the first time in many years the printing was done outside of the school by the Lucas Printing Co.

The work necessary to edit the publication has brought about a feeling of fellowship among the students on the staff that should serve as a bond in the years to come and act as an encouragement to all.

Seniors

Miss Nelle Cook, Class Sponsor
John Oakson, President
Jane Waring, Vice-President
Isabelle Browne, Secretary
Sam Uzelac, Treasurer

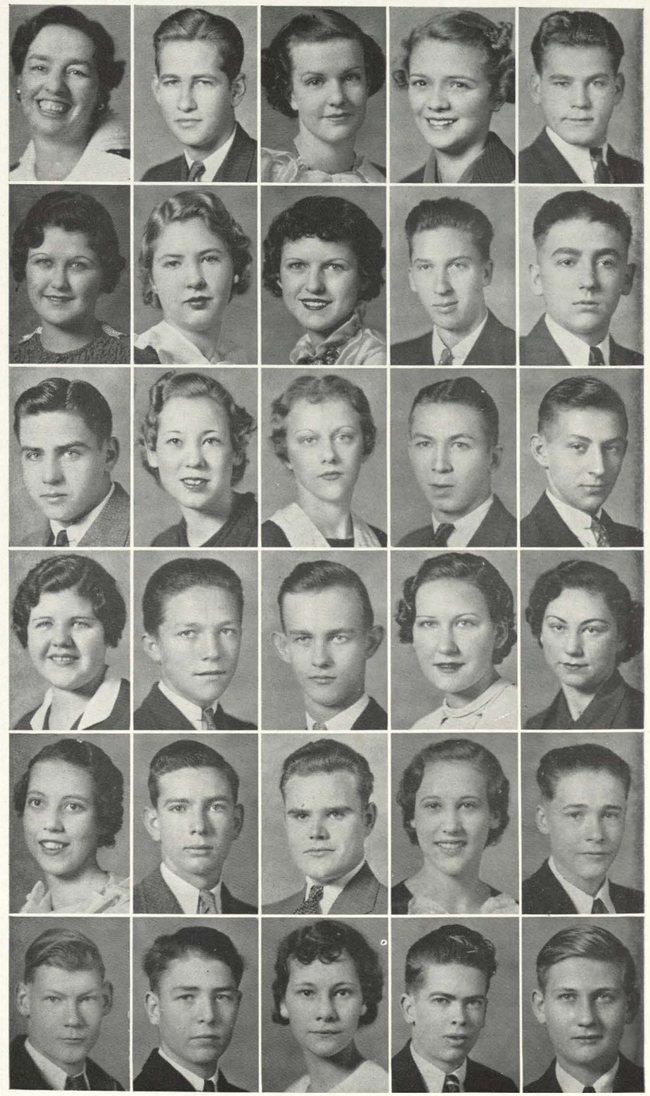
Mary Adair
Dorothy Addis
Agnes Aiduk
Arthur Aker
Arthur Alber

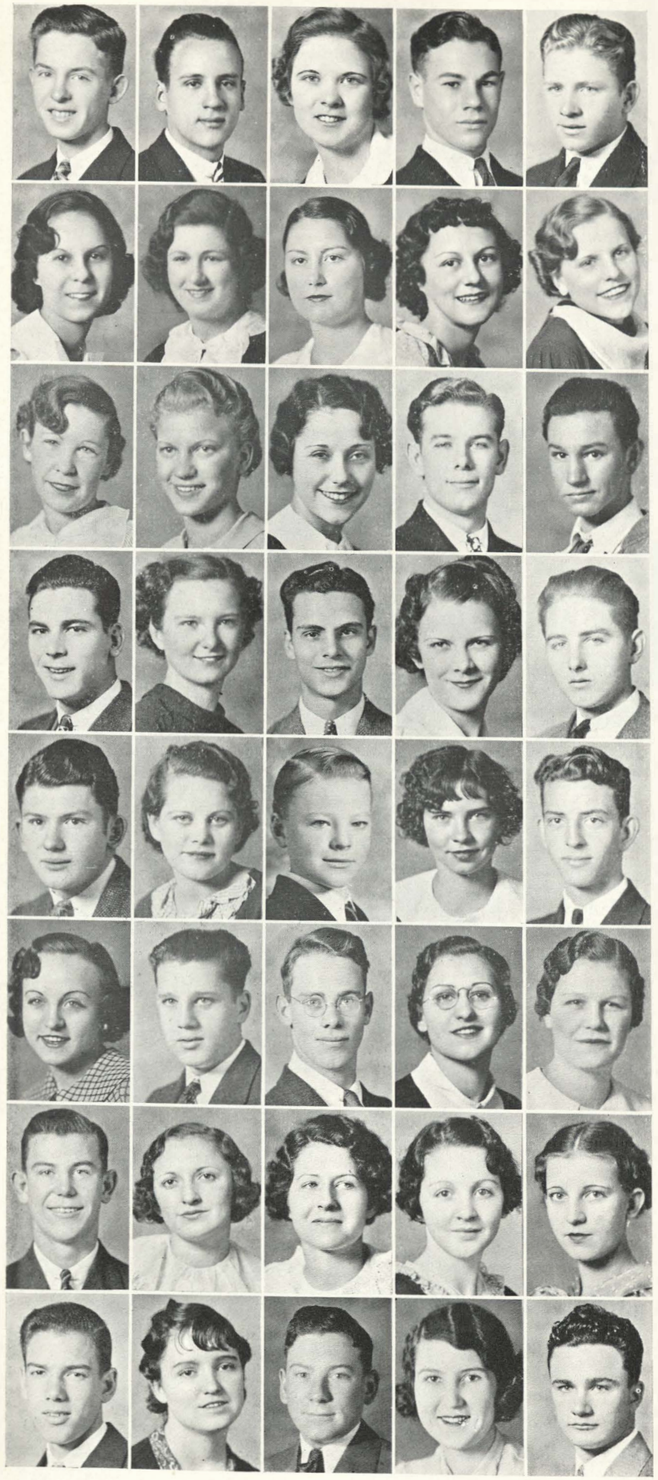
Arthur Allen
Avis Allen
Jean Allen
Kenneth Allen
Dean Anderson

Elizabeth Anderson
Gunnar Anderson
Leonard Anderson
Lorene Anderson
Venice Anderson

Martha Arthur
Donald Avise
Harold Ashley
Mildred Bahr
Richard Bailey

Robert Bailey
Eugene Baird
Cletus Baker
Earl Baker
Georgehardin Baker





Clifford Bauhard
Gordon Beckman
Mae Belcher
Floyd Bender
Herbert Bess

Beda Berberick
Alberta Berend
Altheda Berkey
Naomi Bernard
Donna Bernethy

Marguerite Berrian
Evelyn Birdsong
Juanita Bernard
Adrian Blake
James Blythe

Russell Bodine
Betty Jane Boddington
David Bolby
Maxine Bolen
Grover Bolton

Euel Boone
Ruby Boring
Stanley Bortko
Ruth Bosler
Richard Boyce

Eleanor Bradbury
Altus Bradley
Charles Branham
Mildred Bray
Kathryn Brenner

Donald Bridges
Rowena Brillhart
Ruth Bristow
Cora Bess Brooks
Fern Brown

Lloyd Brown
Gladys Buckner
Edward Burke
Evelyn Butler
Robert Butler

Harold Baker
James Baker
Edward Balliett
Pete Banko

Marianna Bantleon
Karl Banzhaf
Jack Barber
Marcella Barber

Otto Barber
Roy Barcus
James Bard
Jack Barker

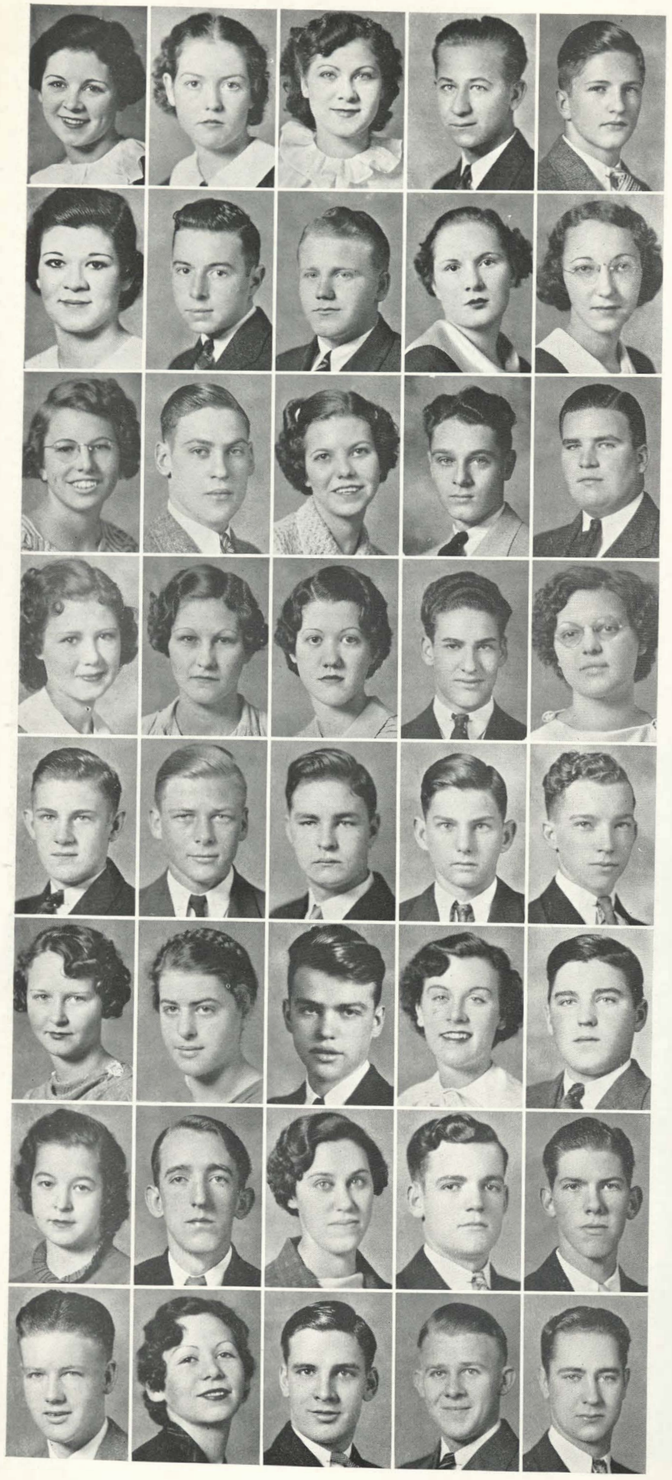
Jean Barker
Rachel Bartlett
Paul Bass
James Batty

Mildred Daganette
Nadine Dahlin
Lawrence Daish
Harvey Dake

Dorothy Daly
Harriett Darby
Charlene Davis
Clovis Davis

Nolan Davis
Betty Ann Dean
Jane Dear
Warren Dedrick

Theda Deets
James DeGroff
Bill Deitchman
George Dellar



Luella Byers
Juanita Cain
Rose Calahan
Joseph Calovich
Ralph Cameron

Anna May Campbell
Lloyd Canfield
Robert Capp
Dorothy Carroll
Fay Carter

Verna Lee Carter
Howard Channell
Lulu Childers
Thomas Christian
John Claflin

Alice Clark
Alma Clark
Frances Claypool
Gerald Claywell
Elsie Clever

Robert Cloughley
Harrie Clyde
Billy Coldwell
Jack Cole
Charles Collings

Mary Cook
Betty Lou Cooper
Junior Cooper
Maxine Cooper
Robert Cowden

Edith Cowgill
Roy Cox
Virginia Coy
Donley Cranor
Charles Cross

Edgar Crowley
Virginia Crowley
Russell Culp
LeRoy Culver
Lloyd Curts

Robert Estes
John Evans
Ralph Evans
Thomas Evans
Elmer Everett

Willard Everett
Joseph Fabac
Stephen Farmer
Carl Farris
Eileen Fee

Tillie Feingold
Helen Fincke
Margaret Fish
Vera Jeanne Fisher
Geraldine Flynn

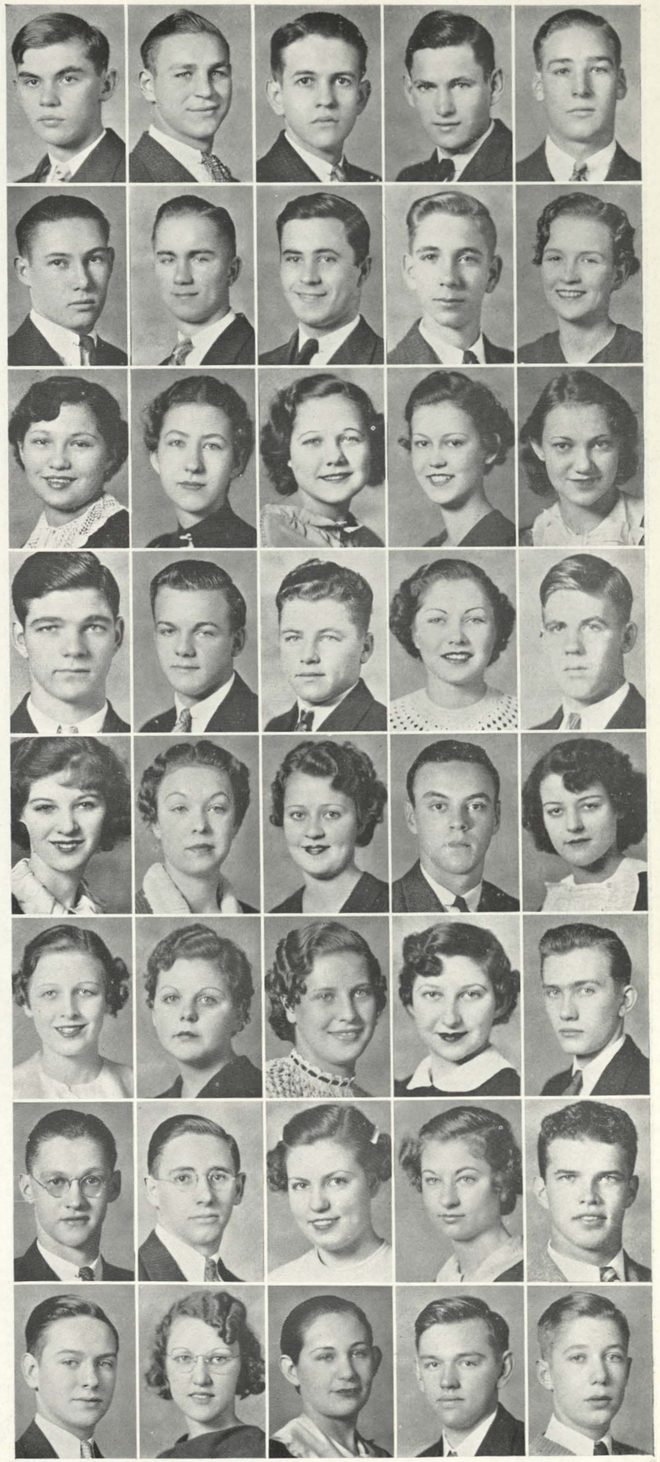
Clarence Foerschler
Floyd Foley
Joe Frankovich
Anna Fraser
Frank Freeman

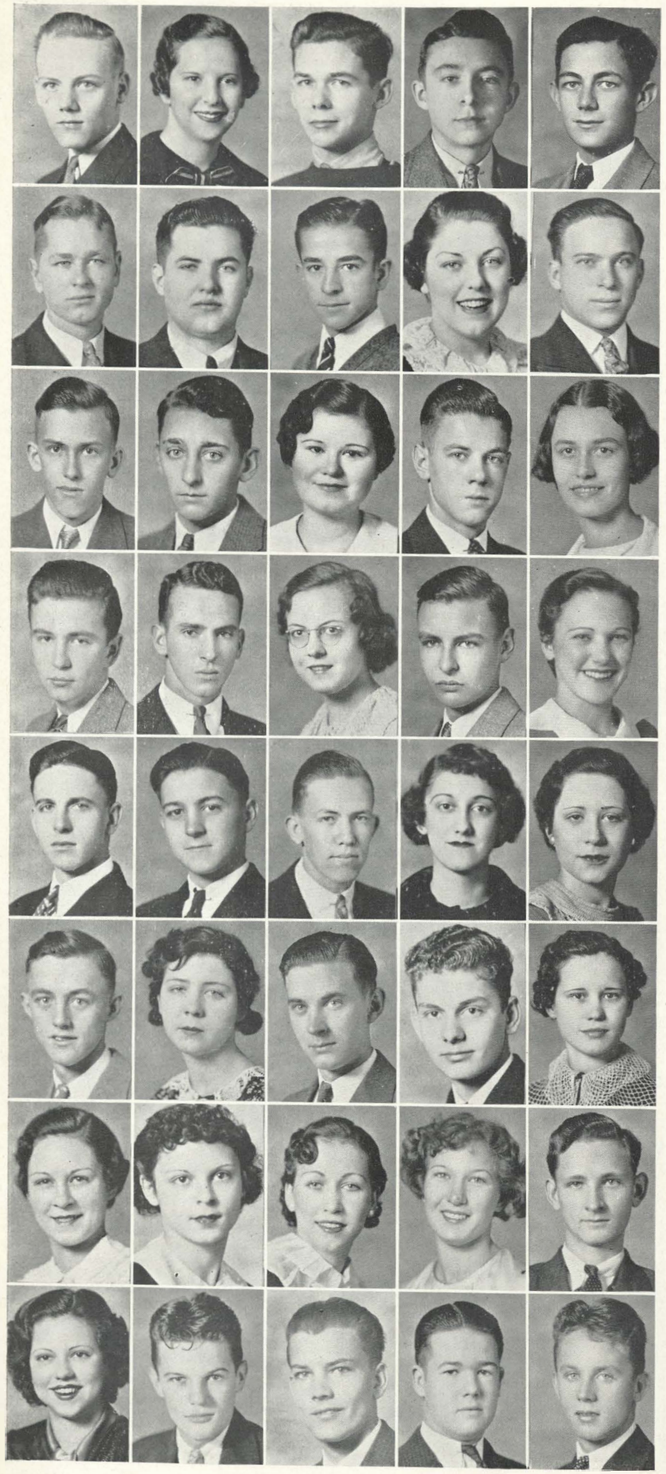
June Frye
Mary Fuchs
M. Roberta Gabel
Arthur Gable
Shirley Gaddy

Fredericka Gardner
Mary Elizabeth Garnier
Lillian Gaynor
Rose Gersh
Billy Gilbert

Marvin Givler
Walter Glanzer
Jane Goebel
Lavada Good
Ray Gooding

Keith Gosney
Alice Grable
Frances Graham
Anthony Granowski
Earl Gray





ELDON GRAY
FRANCES GREENBAUM
FRED GREENWAY
LLOYD GRESS
WILLIAM GRESTY

CONRAD GRIESEL
EDWARD GRIMES
ALEX GRKOVICH
HELEN GRUBE
ROBERT GUMPERT

CARL GUSTAFSON
VERNON HACKLER
MARY HALDEMAN
HAROLD HALL
NADINE HAMBLIN

JOHN HAMILTON
ELMER HAMLER
ANNICE HAMMOND
RALPH HAMMOND
DOROTHY HANDEL

LEE HANDLEY
VERNON HANDLEY
ROY HANSON
LAVERNA HAPPY
BERNADINE HARMON

CHARLES HARPER
ALLEEN HARSHAW
STENNETT HARTMAN
LEE HASSIG
MAXINE HATTAWAY

ROSANNA HAWKEY
VICTORY HAWKEY
MARJORIE HAWKINS
VIOLA HAWKINS
VERNON HAWS

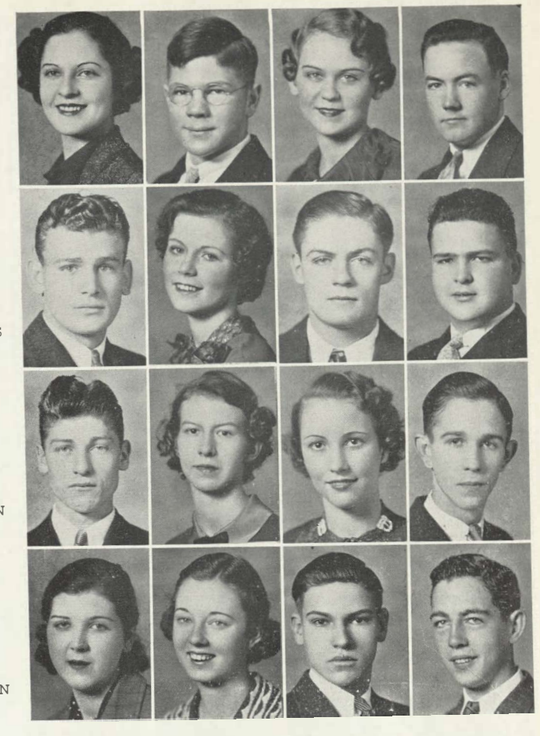
HELEN HAYES
FRANK HAYS
LEROY HEDSTROM
ELMER HENDERSON
JOHN HENNESSEY

SOPHIA DEUTCH
JEAN DEVAULT
LUCILLE DITTMAN
HAROLD DIVINE

FRANK DOCMAN
ENRO DOHERTY
DARCY DORYLAND
CHARLES DUKES

EDWARD DUY
LOIS EAGAN
RAYNETTA EAGLE
JACK EATON

NORMA JANE EMERSON
MARY EMMONS
LAWRENCE ERFURTH
KEITH ERICSON

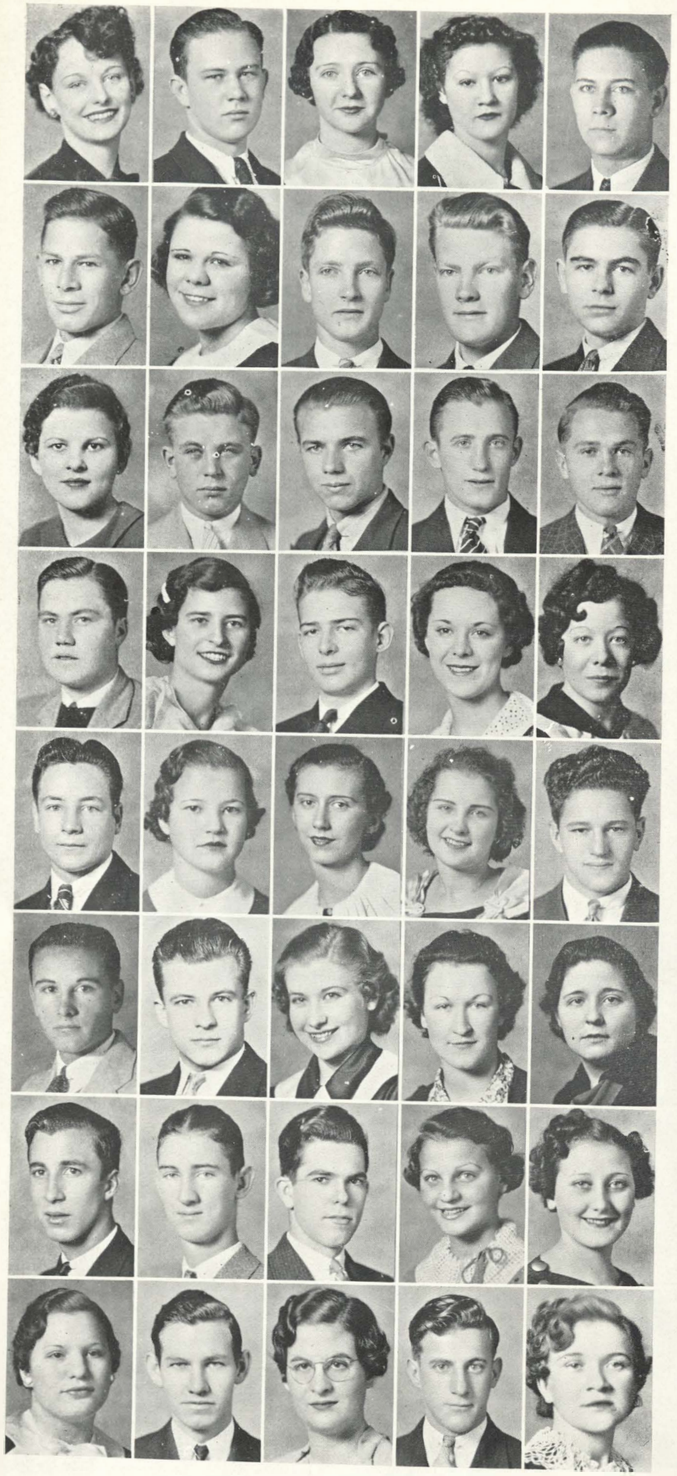


LOIS HENRY
JACK HEROLD
VIVIAN HESSELL
GEORGE HICKS

EUDORA HILL
CAROL HINDERER
FLOYD HINES
HELEN HIRD

MILFRED HOBBS
RUTH HOBBS
ROBERT HOEL
HELEN HOGATT

ELNA HOGIN
CHARLES HOLSTROM
ELLA MAE HORNER
HAROLD HORNICK



Marjorie Jacobs
Delmar Janssens
LaVera Jenkins
Nadine Jobe
Allen Johnson

Clayton Johnson
Mary Kathryn Johnson
Clyde Jones
Earl Jones
Theodore Jones

Esther Kaden
LeRoy Kalousek
Marion Kapp
Joseph Kasinac
Gene Kelly

Thomas Kemp
Nadine Kennedy
Chadie Kimball
Mary Kingman
Daisy Kinney

Bill Kirby
Mary Knaus
Janice Koran
Mary Kostuke
John Kropf

Edward Kvaternik
Donald Kyle
Frances Kyzer
Hallie Laird
Leola Langan

William Lawler
Edward Lawrence
Paul Lawry
Marguerite Leffler
Eleanor Lemen

Lena Leslie
Bennie Lewis
Helen Lewis
Lou Lewis
Margaret Lightfoot

Margaret Lipnicky
Lucille Lindley
James Lindsay
Marian Lipp
Marylouise Listz

Betty Lee Lobaugh
Geraldine Looke
Stanley Lucich
Iva Belle Lucas
John Lucas

Aileen Lutes
Robert Luth
Betty Ann Lynch
Marvin Lytle
Clifford McCabe

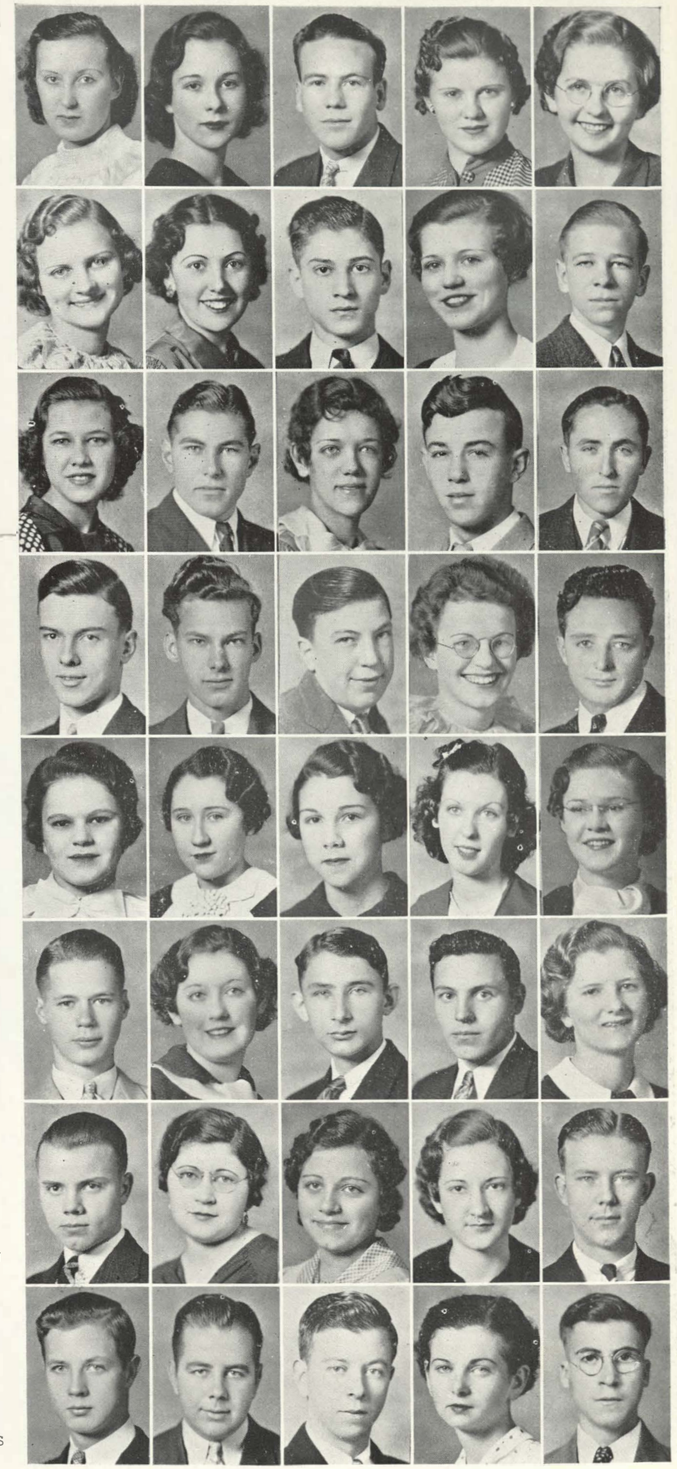
George McCarten
Henry McCurdy
Eugene McGee
Mary McGrath
Orville McHenry

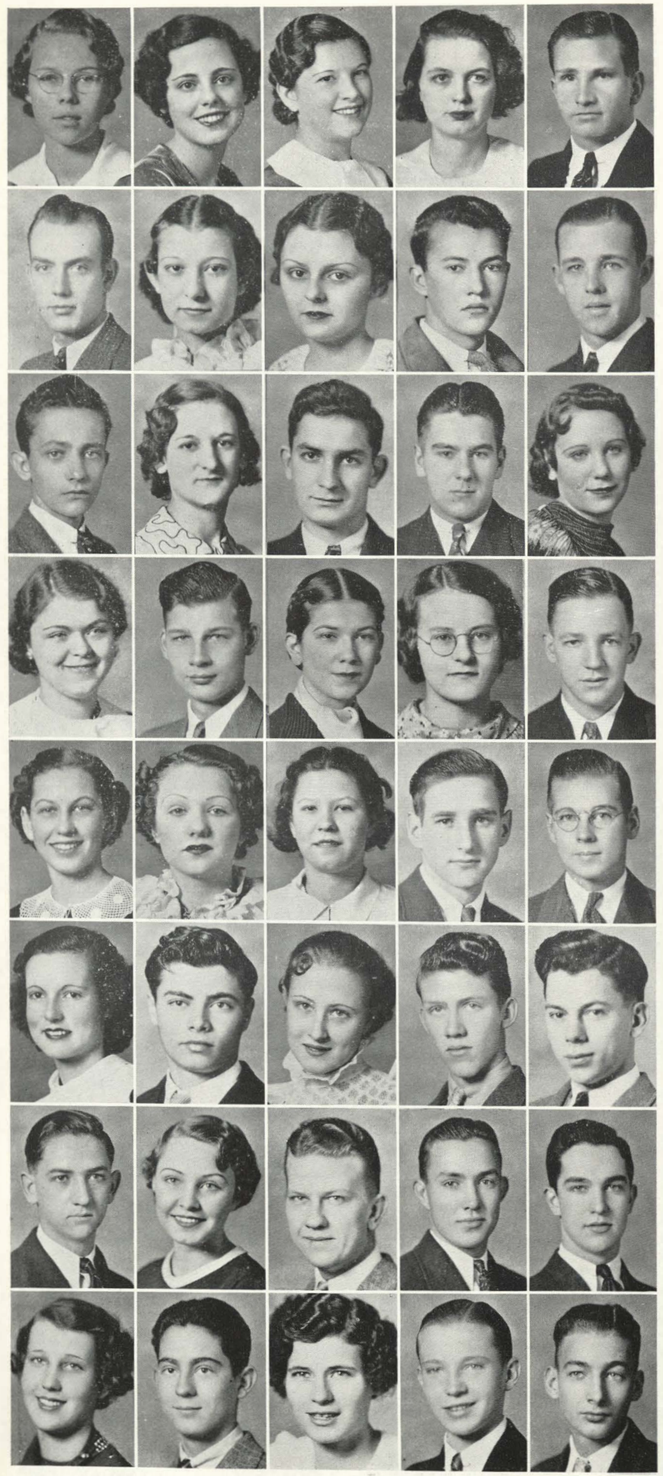
Carrie McLain
LaVerne McNabe
Frances McNerney
Jewel McVay
Myrl MacCallum

Dean Madden
Mildred Majors
Morris Mallin
Frank Malnar
Anna Malner

Willard March
Nadine Maret
Martha Martin
Vivian Martin
Ward Martin

Leslie Marvin
Earl Matheney
Ralph Mason
Elizabeth Masters
Jay Masters





LaVada Nestlerode
Lucille Neudeck
Cliftine Newitt
Marguerite Newland
Paul Nichepor

Robert Nicholson
Mary Nick
Betty Nicklin
Robert Nodler
Ernie Noel

Robert Noland
Juanita Norcross
Frank Novosel
Paul Numrich
Ruth Oberg

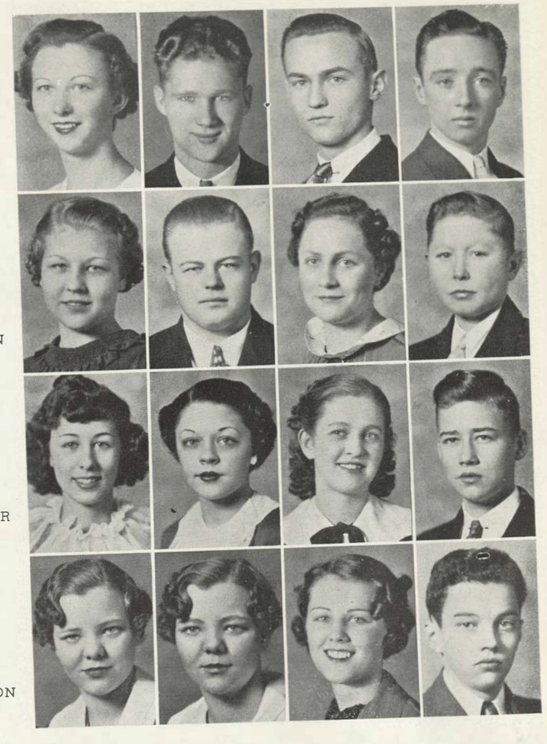
Alice Oberlag
James Ogan
Ruth Olsen
Myrtle Pace
Ferdinand Palchner

Helen Palmer
Stella Pankewich
Nina Parkins
Alfred Parnes
Bill Parsell

Stella Pastern
Mike Pavicich
Evelyn Pemberton
Shiral Perkins
Lorrene Perry

Louie Perry
Marguerite Petersen
Earl Petersen
Richard Pierce
Willard Pierce

Edith Piersch
Charles Pike
Rose Marie Pike
Eguene Pohle
Albert Poje



Vera Horosko
Henry Hosch
Joe Hotujak
Lawson Houston

Dorothy Howard
Jimmy Howard
Lena Huber
William Huginin

Virginia Hulstaert
Dorraine Humphreys
Maureen Hunt
James Hunter

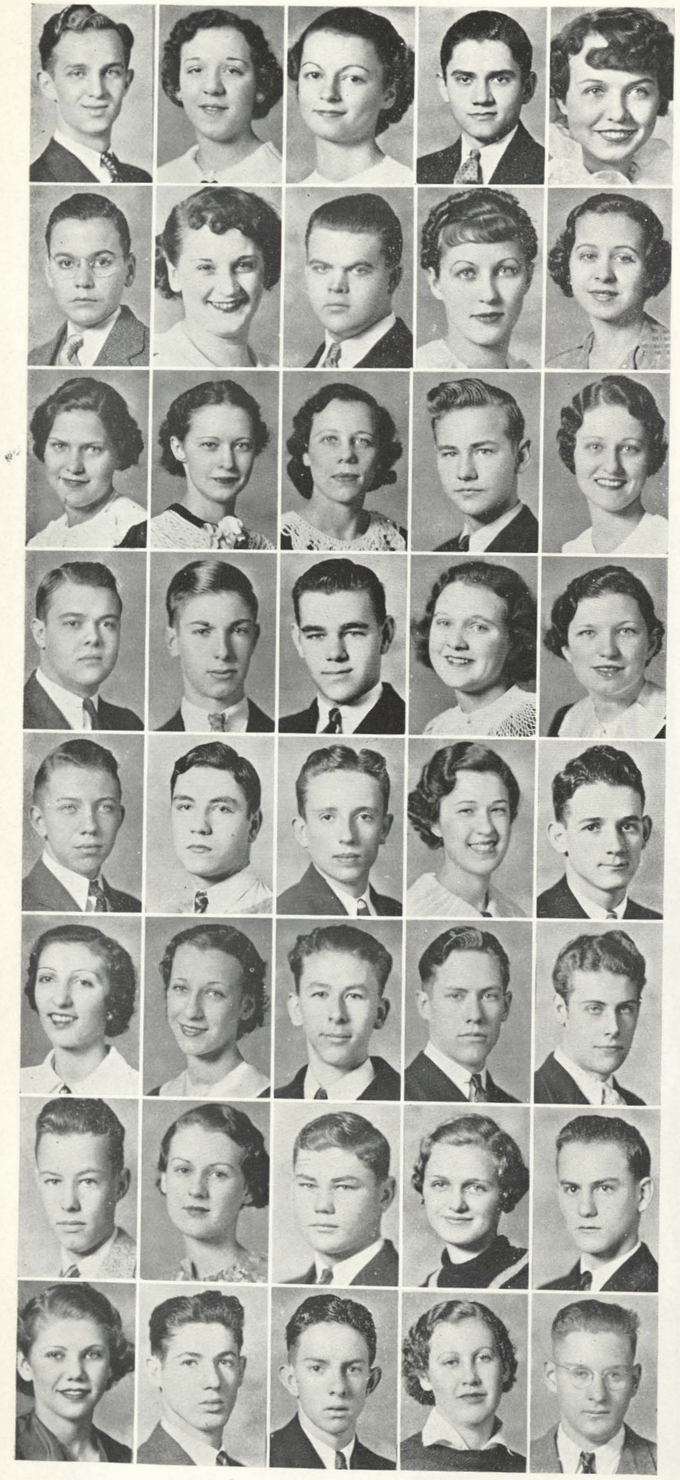
Leah Lucille Ilkenhans
Reah Louise Ilkenhans
Jean Idol
Floyd Jackson

Nadine Masters
Margaret Max
Dorothy Mayer
Terry Mayhan

Jack Maynes
Robert Mears
Everett Memmer
Dorothy Mercer

Dorothy Merritt
Glenn Merritt
Paul Meyer
Elizabeth Michler

Ben Miller
Katherine Miller
Lorene Miller
Louise Miller



Edmund Polk
Milred Polser
Luba Ponich
LeRoy Post
Margaret Postlethwaite

Brewster Powers
Helen Preudz
Bruce Price
Hazel Probst
Christina Provas

Helen Purel
Floranna Phillips
Helen Raley
Billy Rebenschied
Margaret Rector

Marvin Reed
Glen Reeder
Clifford Reese
Estelle Reese
Catherine Reid

Charles Reimer
Gene Reynolds
Tommy Reynolds
Inez Rice
Harry Richards

Dorothy Richardson
Marjorie Ries
Billy Robbins
Eugene Rollwagon
Ted Rose

Oscar Rosentreter
Bette Gene Ross
William Rosson
Edna Jean Rowell
Gene Ruby

Betty Rupe
Charles Russell
Dick Russell
Margaret Russell
Phillip Ryals

Joe Sachen
Wayne Sneed
Myrtle Snyder
Edson Spaith
LaVerne Spake

Donald Stamps
Chester Standish
Ella Sue Staples
Thelma Stearns
Dorothy Stevens

Robert A. Stevens
Robert B. Stevens
Maxine Stewart
Myrtle Stewart
Beulah Storms

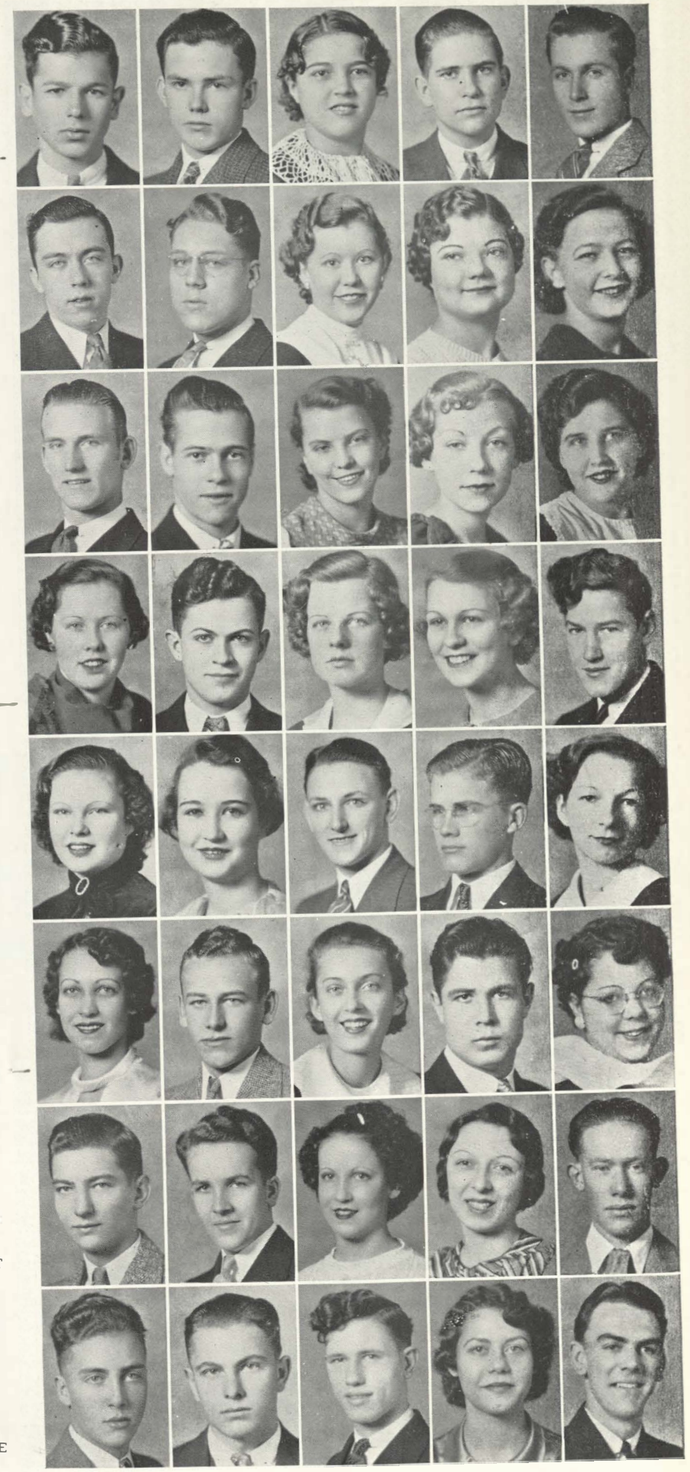
Stella Stratton
Winston Sturgis
Esther Summers
Marialice Summers
Frank Super

Glenda Sutton
Lucile Swoboda
Buddy Tadlock
Mike Tanoplski
Lois Taylor

Lillian Tedrow
Bill Tenhagen
Sylvia Terbovich
Emmett Thomas
Janette Thorpe

Mac Tinklepaugh
Howard Tipton
Mary Jane Tosh
Shirley Trapp
Charles Trevolt

Otis Trimble
Atlee Tucker
Charles Turk
Mary VanAlden
Owen VanArsdale



Elmer Van Dyke
Ethel Vaughn
Helen Venard
John Viene
Ruth Vierheilig

Gilbert Voiles
John Vollmer
James Voorhees
Sylvia Walinow
Frances Walsh

Opal Warden
Fred Ware
Carl Watkins
Homer Watkins
Jack Webb

Elma Weeks
George Weinhold
Maxine Weir
Warren Welsh
James Werbke

Robert Werner
Bernice Westfall
Lucille Whinery
Charles White
Norma Jane White

Alvin Widick
Edward Wille
Edward Williams
Neal Willis
George Winchell

Harry Winkler
Mary Jane Winkler
James Withers
John Wolski
Clyde Woods

Darrell Woods
Rowley Woods
Glynn Woodcox
Bernice Woodward
Robert Woodworth

Joseph Misic
Meredith Moody
Norma Moore
Joy Moorehouse

Mildred Morgan
Clayton Moseley
Marian Mosser
Pearl Movitz

Vivian Muder
Caroline Mufic
Dimples Muir
Gerald Mullin

Albert Muzenick
Delotus Nation
Gertrude Nelson
George Nesselrode

Kenneth Scates
Harold Schleicher
Jeanette Samuel
Mary Sandlin

Gennie Lee Sansewich
Robert Scholtz
Irene Schreck
Mary Schwab

Elsie Schwitrz
Lurabel Sears
Emma Sebal
Marie Sedler

Floriene Seymour
Hubert Seymour
Margaret Shafer
Rosemary Sharp

ALBERT SHEETS

RUBY SHEMWELL

WAYNE SHREWSBURY —

MARGARET SHULER

VIRGINIA SEIBERS

VIRGINIA SIMPSON

WILLARD SMARR

ALMA SMITH

ANNA MARIE SMITH

EDWARD SMITH

ESTHER SMITH

GAYLE SMITH

GENE SMITH

HAROLD SMITH

JIMMIE SMITH

VIRGINIA SMITH

MILTON WORLOW

CECILIA WRIGHT

BILLY WYCKOFF

EARL WYCKOFF —

MARTIN YADRICK —

JOSEPHINE YORK

WILMA YORK —

MARY YURATOVICH

VIRGINIA ZELLAR —

MARY LOUISE CASSELL

ORVILLE SMITH

With the P.-T. A.

The Parent-Teachers' Association of Wyandotte High school has carried on many splendid activities which were not known to the student body in general. As you know, the object of this splendid organization is the closer union of the school and the home and the fostering of child welfare in the home and community, thus raising the home standards. The membership is limited only in the aspect that those desiring to join must be interested in the purposes of the organization.

Although before the fire there was a regular monthly meeting, due to the crowded conditions this year there have been but four regular meetings. According to the program chairman, Mrs. Harry Forbes, this is more desirable as it offers more opportunity for greater programs and the securing of the more important speakers. Mrs. Forbes is president of the association for next year.

This year they were particularly fortunate in securing interesting speakers. The first speaker was C. T. Rice, who talked on his recent trip to Europe, giving interesting views on the European situation. For the next meeting they were able to secure W. A. Smith, the "G" man for this district. Mr. Smith gave a great deal of interesting information regarding the organization and methods of the Department of Justice. This proved interesting to the men as well as to the women in the audience.

At the third meeting they were able to secure Professor W. A. Irwin, who talked on the future of American youth. At these last two meetings there was a large percentage of children. At the present time the speaker for the fourth meeting has not been announced.

The meetings and programs are arranged by Principal Wellemeyer, the program chairman, and one of the four class presidents each time. The class presidents are elected by the P.-T.-A. each year in a similar manner to that by which our own class presidents are elected.

One of the many worthy practices of the P.-T.-A. is the award of a five-pound box of candy to the home room which has the greatest number of parents at each meeting The candy is then distributed among the students of that class. Mrs. Nelle James' room won the candy twice this year, and Miss Nelle Cook's room won it once. At Central, Miss Florence Hoar's room won it twice, and Guy House's room won it once.

This year's officers are: President, Mrs. Emmett Lynch; Vice-President, Mrs. Roy Edwards; Secretary, Mrs. Clarence Rice; Treasurer, Mrs. T. S. DeVault; Senior President, Mrs. M. Gilbert; Junior President, Mrs. M. H. Tucker; Sophomore President, Mrs. Emil Morris; Freshman President, Mrs. L. S. Bowers.

The president for the next year is Mrs. Forbes.

Parent-Teachers' Associations afford a delightful opportunity for making friends between the two groups and an opportunity for making money for worthy enterprises connected with school activities.

The Editor Says

Take Part In Activities

This editorial is directed to all of the students who will be at Wyandotte next year in an effort to make a better group of citizens and a better school. The main object is to persuade all students to try out at some time during the year for a school activity. Those who have any athletic ability should try out for some team. It will greatly help your health as well as opening a possible career. For those not athletically inclined there are many fields open including debate, journalism, dramatics, art, and music. All these serve to bring out hidden talents and at the same time to prepare for a career and gain acclamation while in school. So, future Wyandotte students, go to it and see what you can do for your school and yourselves in these lines.

Loyalty Means Success

A great deal of emphasis has been placed recently on loyalty or devotion to a cause not only in the school but in the city and state. This has been evinced by the recent Loyalty Week and the wearing of sunflowers. After all, loyalty is one of the abstract "answers" which cannot be found "in the back of the book." Are you or are you not loyal? On the answer to this may rest your entire social as well as business future. If you are loyal to your work, you will receive recognition always. If you are interested in the advancement of your community or city, you will be looked upon as a civic leader. And at the present time, if you help the school to progress, you will surely be admired and respected by the student body. Therefore, answer the plea for loyal students now! It will not only benefit you in school but will serve as a measure of success in later years.

Superspeed

Roberta Gable

Everything and everybody at the present time seems to be "going round and round," but—there isn't anything that will make your head go round and round any more than a mathematics problem. The teacher gives you a problem and tells you to find "x" in such a problem as this: 3(x-7)=2x-11. You then begin to wonder why they ever thought of such a subject as this.

To the child in the elementary school mathematics means learning that one plus one makes two, two plus two make four, etc.; to the high school pupil the conception widens and takes in the xyz subject called algebra and, later, geometry; while to the student who pursues the subject further the term, of course, takes on an even broader meaning.

The Nit-Wit

When Johnny went to grade school he learned his abc's in his English class and his 123's in his mathematics class, but when he got to high school and his algebra teacher talked of xyz, Johnny shouted: "Goodness teacher, is this an English class? I thought it was mathematics."

The subjects taught in the mathematics department at Wyandotte are algebra 1-2 and algebra 3-4, plane and solid geometry, and trigonometry. The purpose for studying these subjects is three-fold. There is the technical phase for those interested in the field of engineering or similar fields, the scientific phase for the scientifically minded, and the cultural phase necessary to everyone. In all these branches, there is a similarity —they are all sciences which deal with magnitude, quantities and numbers, and their relations.

I wonder why it is that most boys like mathematics, while so many girls refuse to take more than is required. If you look into almost any advanced algebra or geometry room, you will find about two or three boys to every girl, and in a solid goemetry or trigonometry class there is usually an average of six or eight boys to every girl. What is the matter with the girls? Are the boys smarter than the girls or are the girls afraid they will have to study too hard? Come on, girls, mathematics is just as essential for you as for the boys. Even a girl who starts in housekeeping, will find that geometry will be a very great help to her. Geometry helps for any interior, or even exterior, decorating; therefore, a girl who takes this subject should be able to plan her home much better.

"It is said the big guns are aimed by geometry—and does it follow that they are fired by trigonometry?"

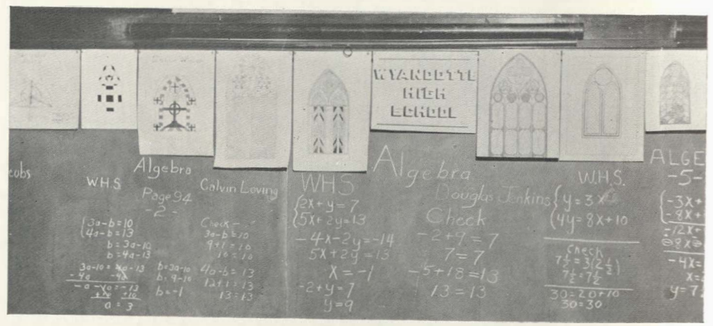
Pardon me for getting poetical, but I feel a verse coming on:

Mary had an algebra book,
And away to school did go;
She wouldn't study, but only fret,
Because she hated it so.
She took it with her every day,
Of course that was the rule;
But found it very useful
When at last she finished school.

That was terrible, wasn't it?

Let's be serious for a minute and see if we can't find something that shows how practical mathematics has been in the past. Yes, here is something that most of us really don't realize. The planet Uranus, over a billion and a half miles from the sun, was believed by astronomers to be the outermost member of the solar system, and all its movements were carefully charted. But observation showed that at times it behaved very strangely, apparently wandering out of its path, and astronomers decided that only the attraction of another planet, far beyond it, could thus pull it from its course. Accordingly, they set to work, and by means of mathematical formulas figured out where the new planet ought to be. Then when all was ready, they examined the heavens through their strongest lenses, and there was the planet just where they had calculated it must be, and they named it Neptune. The telescope alone might never have discovered this planet.

The world in which we live is incurably mathematical. Every human being is born into a physical universe in which quantity, shape, and size play an indispensible role. The geometric principles of equality, symmetry, congruence, and similarity are implanted in the very nature of things. It is apparent, for example, that we cannot make or manufacture the simplest article without giving constant attention to its form, its dimensions, and the proper relation of its parts. The art of measurement permeates the fabric of modern civilization at every point. It underlies all applied work in engineering, technology, and manufacturing. Without measurement and computation the world of science would cease. Algebra furnishes economical methods and formulas for many of these computations. Trigonometry, being essentially the art of indirect measurement, forms the necessary background for the making of maps and survey plans of all sorts. It underlies the art of navigation. Our entire civilization, our sciences, our modes of thinking have a mathematical core.



A Travelogue Letter

Lucille Whinery

Dear Nellie,

Your good letter arrived. We are all well. I hope you are the same. Surely, I'll tell you something about my school work. How would you like to take a rockingchair trip with me to some of the classrooms at Northwest? All right; here we go.

We come to room thirty-five, open the door and walk in. What do we find, I ask you? A certain W. F. Brown, diligently teaching the students about the reign of terror, and the French Revolution. Hmmmm—the students look rather green, they couldn't be seniors; so I guess this must be a world history class. Who was Napoleon's wife? Gosh, I don't know that myself, (and me a senior, well, you can't remember everything!) What! You say Marie Antoinette said, "if they haven't any bread let them eat cake," when told the people were starving for bread. Now isn't that just like a woman!

I've heard enough, let's visit some other room. Let's run down the hall; they can't see us anyway. Here's room 24, presided over by Miss Edith McConnell. What's this, an argument in progress? Oh dear! oh dear! Some of the students are actually challenging the question of state or national government supremacy! Ot all things! Well, I suppose that shows they're thinking anyway. The purpose of all those references and books is to make them think, and suggest remedies for our present day problems.

Here's a boy looking out the window. Let's take his "American Observer" off the desk. Ha, ha! Don't you love to watch him look for it? Let's look and see what the paper has to say, hmmm here's an article that sounds interesting, "Historical Backgrounds." There's another thing they try to teach us in history classes today, to connect the present with the past and profit by the examples of our ancestors, (I once had a great uncle who was hanged for being a horse thief, maybe I ought to take that advice).

"Talking things over," that sounds natural. Now, for instance, the history classes are always discussing problems of today and what they think should be done about them—very sensible idea, that column.

Here's an article on China, huh, they don't just teach you of your nation's problems and current events, nowadays they stress the importance of knowing what's happening all over the world. This keeps you interested in international events.

But what good do those watermarked reference books do? Remind you of the old high school's burning? Well, yes, but they give you the opinions of different authors on our past historical events, and if you're really ambitious, you can make a special report on some important one.

People often ask history teachers why they take the trouble of having the pupils study our present-day problems so earnestly. All of the history teachers agree upon the answer —that by this method they can teach the students to become understanding, reliable ciizens who will be competent to solve the problems of their generation.

Oh! Oh! The girls are beginning to powder their noses. It must be time for the bell. Let's get out of here. Not being able to see us, they're liable to fall all over us, (you know these clumsy seniors), and I want to continue to be in one piece at least until after commencement.

Pals

We've pulled along together
All through our high school years,
But let's be friends forever,
And keep the Wyandotte cheers.

—Robert Butler.

What's New In Drama

Jane Waring

Miss Besse Helwig, director of the Kay Cees, pep organization, put on a typically excellent play this year with the able assistance of the cast.

The plot of "The Ghost Parade" concerned the mystery of a haunted hotel of which Isabelle Browne and Dorraine Humphreys were in charge. Jimmy Batty was the superstitious bell boy. Mac Tinklepaugh played the part of the sheriff and John Oakson and Paul Laurey played the two old men, one falsely accused, the other rightly. George Nesselrode and Bill Kirby were two vaudeville actors with nowhere to act, who were staying at the hotel and, incidentally, supplied the love interest in the story with Dorraine and Isabelle.

The comedy parts were done by Norma Jane White as the nervous old maid and Floranna Phillips and Ralph Evans as the two masquerading detectives.

Lois Wilson came on the scene as a picture director who succeeded in taking a picture of the "spooks" with her camera.

Motion picture actresses were played by Harriet Darby, Clarice Thomas, and Jean Idol who were, each in turn, wooed by the city slicker, Donald Stamps. The play went over big and played to full houses on November 16th, and 17th.

Back Stage on the "Hot Copy"

It was Tuesday night, November 10, and people had been coming into the auditorium for more than a half hour. The orchestra began playing, the air grew suddenly tense, the cast stopped talking and joking, and those on stage were nervously wishing they were anywhere else. There goes the curtain, the first line—ah! it went over—a sigh of relief from those behind the scenes—it was going to be all right.

Thus opened the first night's performance of the senior play, "Hot Copy." The plot, as we knew it so well, concerned a small-town newspaper editor who was having trouble keeping the paper alive, what with crooked city bosses and debts.

Kenneth Wade, the editor, was played by Bill Coldwell. His staff of workmen was composed of Sylvia, Marianna Bantleon; Bill, Keith Gosney; Bud, John Hamilton; and Peg, La Vada Nestlerode.

Jane Corwin, Jane Waring, had known Kenneth in school and had come to the city to take advantage of the fact, ending up in charge of the paper.

Dudley Kay, a crooked politician, was played by Charles Dukes, while Charlene Davis and Thelma Stearns played the two society women, Hazel Winston and Fanny Devine.

Last, but not least, we have Leroy Culver, as the colored office boy, Randolph, whose funny antics always got laughs.

The presentation played three nights to capacity houses. To the members of that cast those weeks of practicing under Miss Lucy Dougherty's capable direction will never be forgotten.

Standing, left to right: Le Roy Culver, Charlene Davis, La Vada Nestlerode, John Hamilton, Thelma Stearns, Marianna Bantleon, and Keith Gosney. Sitting, left to right: Jane Waring, Billy Caldwell, and Charles Dukes.

The Junior Play "Guess Again"

The junior class brought an hilarious comedy to an appreciative audience this year in the form of "Guess Again." The plot dealt with everything including love, business improvements, deception, clever impersonations, and comedy. It was the story of a hotel that is flat on its back financially and of the hard work of its occupants to put it on its feet before the well-known mortgage is foreclosed.

Literally thousands of guests were finally brought to the hotel by advertising that a real, honest-to-goodness English lord was there. At about this time the lord and his valet disappeared. This added to the general confusion because two impersonators turned up to imitate the real lord. At the crucial moment the real lord returned and the hotel was left in an uproar because of the presence of four Englishmen. As everything was adjusted and everyone forgiven one went away from the auditorium with a satisfied feeling of having seen a good evening's entertainment. Those in the cast were: Frances Hammond, Rad Bechtel, Ruth Marie Snowden, Mary Jane Davis, Marilyn Willett, Gladys Voss, Lucile Jennings, Frank Janssen, Maxine Haggard, William Hathaway, Bob Smith, Warren Wycoff, Bob Humphrey, and Francis Schmale.

A School Day

While drving down the street, we see, as any one might see on a week-day morning, a crowd gathered in front of a large brick structure. Let us stop and see what is happening. As we open the door of the automobile, we hear a bell ringing. The doors of the building are thrown open and the crowd begins surging in. We leave the auto, ascend the stone steps over the terrace, and move slowly up a shrub lined walk. We elbow our way inside.

Glancing down the corridor, we see a girl with flaming red hair. Then the bright blue dress of another catches our eye. Our glance passes on over a group of boys in red sweaters. Here are girls and boys of all sizes.

We hear a loud humming, not unlike the sound of a colony of bees. Whatever can it be? As we walk down the hall we discover the source of the noise. It is this group of boys and girls, relating events that have past and those to come. We stroll on and catch snatches of this talk. "I have a French test."— "——hope the experiment comes out all right." "—went sleigh riding—" "—don't have my lessons——."

Suddenly another bell gives out a long piercing peal, the crowd starts moving and gradually disappears as they reach their various class-rooms.

We wait. Every forty-five minutes the mob streams forth and quickly disappears again. At the end of the sixth hour, the bell rings shrilly and the students emerge from the depths of study to gather once more in front of the building. As we pass out with them we hear, "French test was hard." "—experiment easy to—" "—write a theme—."

This mass of humanity dwindles away in pairs, groups, and singly. It is the end of just another school day.

—Helen Mauldin.

Which Loved Best

"I love you, Father," said little John,
And forgetting his books his tux went on,
And he was off to the college Prom,
Leaving his lessons to Dad and Mom.

"I love you, Father," said little Nell,
"Of all the school I'll be the belle
If you will give me half your pay
To dress me up in clothes so gay."

"I love you, Father," said little Fan,
"Today I'll study all I can.
How glad I am my club did not meet"
And she added figures in columns neat.

Then typing softly, she wrote a theme,
Read a book, and basted a seam.
Thoroughly busy all evening was she,
Thoughtful and careful as a student should be.

"I love you, Father," again they cry
Ink on the grade cards not yet dry.
How do you think that Father guessed,
Which one really loved him best?

—Beulah Storms, '36.

Circus of Color

Milton Worlow

If you have ever attempted to paint a landscape or any other colorful masterpiece, as a beginner, you'll fully understand the title of this story; because it is usually found after the first attempt that you have little else than a maze of colors. Thus you have a short cut to the beginning of a course in the color department of our institute of higher learning. What is art? According to the authority on all subjects—Webster, it concerns a specific field of endeavor in which one becomes especially skilled; thus in this case it is the mastery of color and design, or as Miss Bohl has been heard to express it—"the mastery or understanding of correct space division, ability to work in spaces rather than lines, and correct choice of color." Oh, well, if you're an artist, you'll understand (and if not, accept this brief description); but the only trouble is I haven't met many of these skilled persons—yet. Perhaps this is the reason why (on grade cards) persons receive figures ranging from one downward. You've heard of actors making comebacks (such as Charlie Chaplin) after losing their public. Well, the craze finally hit Wyandotte's color department. After a brief relapse she has come back with a full bill of fare. As the late Will Roger's would put it—"They struck it rich like the Republicans."

To open up the show, I'll introduce to you the leaders of the "Circus of Color." Yes, it is going to be a real three-ring circus—the best this side of the Mississippi (better even than a football scrimmage or a basketball court with track shoes as coverage of the hoofs). As for the ring mistresses, they are Miss Lillian Bohl, probably one of the most experienced of the show, who has charge of the larger, more fiery animals (you know Culver with his higher monkey intelligence) and Miss Gladys Beck, a more recent but very enthusiastic trainer who puts the younger animals through their acts of climbing up on a stool and drawing a picture . . . of teacher . . . (don't get any ideas, freshmen). Well, I guess for some unknown reason we will have to cut the show down to a two-ringer and confine our future references to the training of the larger, more colorful animals. We find, after looking around the bewildering place, a group of highly trained (supposedly so) animals, known in art terms as advanced artists (I supposed advanced along the road of a skilled individual). Advanced means they've been with the show at least two years, taking the fire and bouquets from the trainer (criticism and compliments), so you see the ring mistress and subjects should understand each other fairly well.

Oh, Ho! listen boys, (I mean monkeys), I heard this was leap year. Well, whether it is or not we find two groups of pretty ladies of the big top just bubbling with enthusiasm over their understanding of planning and decorating a home for practical use; so, fellers, you won't have to worry about the bungalows and furnishing, except for the all important subject—money. You know the monkey always hands over the money for almost everything. Say, I almost forgot. They're even learning to create designs for costumes and apparel to wear in the big parade. (You know, spring and the new Easter bonnets.)

Now to come out of the monkey realm, we'll look at the real humor, animals or men behind the scene who sit around scratching their brains creating ideas for selling the show to the people or public. These are the commercial artists or advertisers, who make a layout to bring the crowds for the opening in K. C., Monday! Such would be an order, or one similar to this, in that department. In fact, they advertise anything from the fat lady to white mice and back to the elephants.

What other division of the show is left? Oh, yes! those producers and animals who are beginning to learn what the big top is actually like. So in order to better understand the true thrills and fun of the show they begin to look around and reflect upon and criticize the passed greats, that

(Continued on Page 51)

Artists to Be

Our Questioning Element

Brewster Powers

After the close of the Forensic season of 1935-36 the forensic instructor, teams, and individuals look back on perhaps the most successful season in ten years. Climaxing a year of rather unauspicious beginning by annexing the championship of the second district and by winning third place in the state tournament the team rather surprised everybody (including the debaters). With several innovations during the season such as radio debates, and a debate championship, the forensic team attracted much more attention (they liked that) than it formerly had done.

Starting the season with a non-decision tournament at Atchison, Kansas, the debate team attended decision tournaments at Topeka, Osawotomie, the District tournament at Lawrence, and the State tournament at Lawrence. In tournaments the arguers had a total of 75 tilts with debate teams from nearly all the surrounding states. At the Topeka tournament John Oakson, a debater, annexed the oratory title after a contest among eight schools of Kansas and Missouri.

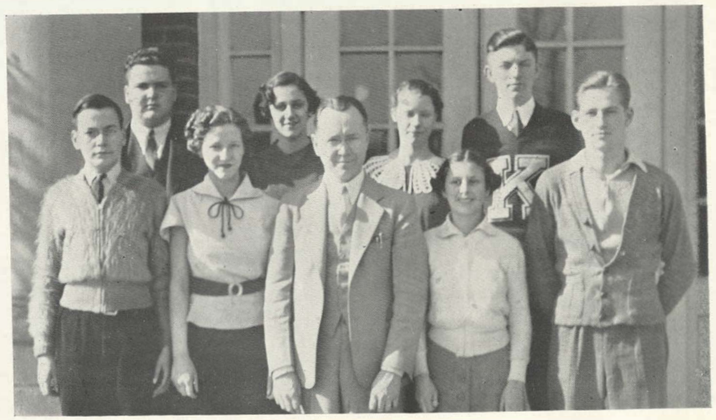
After studying the various aspects of the high school debate question regarding socialized medicine for several months, the squad took in the non-decision tournament at Atchison where they gained experience. In a month or so the arguers packed up their baggage and rambled over to Topeka. After the two day tilt the debaters rambled again in the direction of home in a slightly bedraggled condition (after being kept awake by an all night party in the hotel room above them). However, with a period of forgetfulness (of the Topeka tournament) behind them half of the squad slid down (on the ice) to Osawotomie, Kans., where they had the delight of defeating three of the quarter-finalists. Regaining the home town again, the pro—and—conners busied themselves for a month (how these months go) in re-studying the question and equipping themselves with a courageous attitude. Feeling like a peck of frozen turnips (quite cold you know) the charges of Coach Jensen felt their way (frost on the windshield) toward Lawrence. At this scene of the pro-slavery massacre in the earlier days of Kansas, the only thing about the team that attracted attention was the marvelous intellectual ability of the coach's three-year-old son. After an all day siege the debaters found to their joyous surprise that by a sweeping victory, losing only one debate in ten, they had won the second district debate championship of Kansas, the North-Eastern Kansas championship or what have you. The most joyous (they even lost their dignity, so I'm told) surprise, however, was the fact that by their win, they had earned for themselves the right to represent the second district in the state championships. The team which won this tournament was composed of Brewster Powers and Lucille Whinery, affirmative, who didn't lose a debate, and Sylvia Walinow and John Oakson, negative. With the addition of Milton Worlow, Charles Dukes, Katharine Kroh, and Helen Mardiks, these four made up the eight members of the debate squad.

Two weeks later, having worked quite diligently during this time, the debaters with regained confidence in their own ability journeyed again to Lawrence, Kansas. In a two-day affair at this town they took the measure of the teams there on the first day, coming out first in one bracket. By their inspired work on this day, they assured themselves of at least fourth place in the tournament. Most notable of their victories were two wins over Wichita, winner of many major tournaments earlier in the season.

The successes of the first day were partially overshadowed by the events of the second day. Entering the semi-finals with the same "do or die" spirit the fighters from Wyandotte caused the semifinals to be debated over, due to a three-way split among the teams participating. In their second fling the tenacious debaters came out one vote too short, thus carrying home third place honors.

Confronted with the problem earlier in the year of organizing into a club and selecting a name for the club, the arguing squad settled themselves for a bit of gerrymandering (I'll ask Mr. Divelbiss if that word's correct). A certain undesirable element in the club put forth the product of his fantastic brain and expected the squad to seriously consider adopting the name of Socratonians (I've always wondered why

(Continued on Page 51)



Group Life

Marguerite Leffler

Kay Cees

"Orchids" to the Kay Cees for their splendid support of Wyandotte's School Activities! The Kay Cees have ever been ready to give out those welcoming yells to the players when other spectators' tongues seem to have stuck. They have truly lived up to their purpose of fostering the highest type of school spirit and of upholding the ideals of the school in courtesy and sportsmanship.

There are 150 Kay Cees, consisting of juniors and seniors. Each member is voted on by the club. The members of the football and basketball teams are considered as honorary members of this organization.

The social activities of the Kay Cees are the two banquets they give annually in honor of the football and basketball teams and a play.

The officers of the club are: President, Bob Mears; Vice-President, Isabelle Browne; Secretary, Dorraine Humphreys; Treasurer, Howard Tipton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Kenneth Allen. The cheerleaders are Donald Stamps, Keith Gosney, Ralph Evans, and Radford Bechtel. Their sponsor is Miss Besse Helwig.

Junior Pep Club

As the school term comes to an end so the second year of the Wyandotte Junior Pep club comes to a close. Once more this club has helped to show that even though our school is not united in body, the spirit of the student body still stands firm.

The purpose of the organization is "To hold the spirit of Wyandotte in its traditional union, although the student body is doing its scholastic work in two separate groups."

Requirements for entrance into this club are somewhat the same as those for the Kay Cees. First, one must sign up; next, he must have passing grades in all subjects and a good record in the office. All members must co-operate with each other in attending all games and club meetings and not be reprimanded for misbehavior. This club, having 120 members, is one of the largest in the school.

Members of the Junior Pep club sit directly behind the Kay Cees and added their yells to those of the sister group. Each member wears a button which distinguishes him as belonging to this club.

Officers this year were: President, Robert Little; Vice-President, Paul Wysong; Secretary, Ernest Hook, and Treasurer, Billy Lyons. This club is under the direction of Principal J. F. Wellemeyer, Vice-Principal, C. W. Harvey, and sponsor, Miss E. Maude Moles.

Hi-G. R.

The Hi-G. R. club of Wyandotte was organized in 1919. This club is a Christian and character-building organization for girls. Membership is open to all girls in the high school.

At the beginning of the school year, the girls of this organization conducted a book exchange for students who desired to buy or sell books. This exchange proved very useful to the students of Wyandotte. They sold red and white megaphones with the letter W on them at the football games this year. They also made and sold candy at the senior play.

Their meetings are held in the mornings at the Y. W. C. A. building at Sixth street and State avenue. At these meetings programs are made and carried out by committees under the guidance of the club sponsors. This year's theme was "Finding Our Place in the World."

The officers of the club were: President, La Vada Nestlerode; Vice-President, Wilma Hines; Secretary, Carrie McLain, and Treasurer, Betty Anne Lynch. This club is under the joint sponsorship of Inez MacKinnon and Reva Lint.

Hi-Y.

The Hi-Y. club is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. It is a Christian organization for boys in high school. Although this club is one of the smallest clubs of Wyandotte, it is one of the most useful.

The boys of this club sell candy at the football and basket ball games. The proceeds from the Junior College games and $50.00 of the proceeds from all other games were given to the Junior College Scholarship Fund.

Their meetings are held at the Y. M. C. A. These meetings consist of discussions, business matters, and recreation.

The officers of the club are: President, Bob Hamilton; Vice-President, Albert Muzenich; Secretary, Edson Spaith; Treasurer, Bill Lyons, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Stephen Farmer. This club is under the sponsorship of Marion Divelbiss.

"K" Boys

The "K" club, organized in 1917, has continually stood for the objectives on which it was founded, the ideals of clean sportsmanship and fair play. The "K" club is composed of letter-men of major athletic activities. Being participants in sports, each member realizes the value of good sportsmanship and fair play and tries to do his part.

Although this club is composed of athletic men, it is more of a civic organization than an athletic group. Members of this club help keep order at the games, act as ushers on various

occasions, and help with the cheering.

Every year new members are voted in. During their initiation they appear with red "K's" painted on their foreheads, wear their clothes backwards, and do "push-ups" and "drop-the-clothes pin." In previous years the initiation consisted of running the paddle-line from Minnesota to State avenue, but this practice has been dropped, much to the relief of the "victims."

The officers for this year are: President, Jimmy Howard; Vice-President, Frank Docman; Secretary-Treasurer, Neal Kelly; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sam Uzelac. The club is under the sponsorship of the "one and only," Percy Parks.

Every boy who wears a "K" is proud of it because it represents hard work on the field of battle.

"K" Girls

Not to be out-done by the boys, the girls organized a girls "K" club to act as an executive board for the Girls' Athletic Association, to encourage interest in girls' sports.

Each girl must have earned a letter in sports before she can become a member. Initiation is frequently held for all girls who have earned their letters.

Meetings are held at the gymnasium, Ninth and State avenue, in the evenings. A commitee is appointed each time to plan the program for the next meeting. At these meetings the girls have a short business session and then spend the rest of the time playing games. Some of their activities are basketball, baseball, volleyball, and swimming. Various kinds of parties are given such as a tacky party and a kid party.

Awards are given for so many points in sports. For 600 and 1000 points letters are given and for 1600 points, the final award, a gold "K" pin is given. All girls in this club strive to earn the gold pin.

Officers for this year are: President, Anna Marie Smith; Vice-President, Theda Deets; Secretary-Treasurer, Lois Henry. These girls are under the sponsorship of Helen Barnett, physical education instructor.

Radio Club

The school year of 1935-1936 was a year of big things. One of these was the Radio club. This club, consisting of over two hundred boys from the physics classes, is one of the largest and most interesting in the school.

The boys in this club have made a radio receiving and sending station and through it they keep in contact with the world.

The Radio club has been very successful this year and is expected to be continued. W. P. Harriss, physics instructor, is the sponsor.

The Tyronian Club

The Tyronian Club derives its name from Tyron, secretary to Julius Caesar. The second-year shorthand classes form this club. The purpose of the club is to further the interest in commercial subjects and to bring the students into closer contact with the business classes.

Due to the reorganization of classes after the fire, no meetings have been held this year. Some members of the club correspond in shorthand with students in other countries. The students act as secretaries for the teachers and some business men. All of the students take "The Gregg Writer," a magazine. This magazine contacts the girls with the whole world of business. It is filled with interesting articles, some printed in long hand and others in shorthand; a continued story is also one of its interesting articles. The students enjoy this magazine very much.

There are three or four boys in this club and 120 girls. It is said that these boys give the girls stiff competition. The club is under the sponsorship of Miss Alta L. Haynes.

Our Questioning Element

(Continued from Page 47)

they call him Socrates). The saner members of the club, however, formed a tight majority and adopted the name, Wyandotte Forum. When it came to selecting the officers of the club, the other members took pity on Brewster Powers and elected him president. Other officers selected were Katharine Kroh, vice-president, and Lucille Whinery, secretary-treasurer. This club, organized under the rules of the National Forensic League, requires for membership that the student must not only have enough speaking ability to get some points under their rules, but he must also have a high standing in his scholastic work.

Therefore, after ten years of unfruitful seeking for the Regional title, the debaters from Wyandotte, with a new coach and with a new lease on life, went to the bustling university town of Lawrence and with the never-give-up spirit of a true Wyandottian annexed the long sought regional title and rated third place in the state championship tournament.

"Circus of Color"

(Continued from Page 46)

is, the founders, builders, and creators of the past and present. To learn the changes which have been wrought to give the show a more interesting and pleasing appearance to the less art inspired persons. This takes the form of a research division and a division of interest.

Around the circus you would be inclined to want to actually look behind the scenery and see and grasp the general atmosphere of smelly paints and supply wagons as you would see around the show grounds. A brush slung here for some one to clean; paint adorning the outside as well as inside; the jars and paper and makeup piled on the shelves. It is all part of the show and its crowd.

In addition, we find all people enjoy a little gathering and a lot of chatter—gossip, even circus folk. Even the monkeys enjoy their bit of chinning before their acts in the cage. So it was the natural instinct for these circus people to carry out such a plan in a form of a pedigree society of animals with the head ring mistress as overseer. By the way, this exclusive society adopted quite a flowery name. . . . French, can you imagine? . . . Beaux Arts Circle, but to fit the occasion we'll call it Bohl's Animal Circus (Monkey's go round and round). To make it quite official, they selected an executive council with that little pug-nosed beauty, Louise Miller, as queen of the jungle; and Elna Hogin as assistant. We even have a monkey who sits on a stool and writes the minutes (60 to an hour) and tries to read the result of his written signature, LeRoy Culver; and you know the camels have to have their hay so a collection is taken (not as in church, but as a salesmen) by ye olde author. Thus you have the story of the circus life as viewed by a three-year inmate and what an effect the art merry-go-round can have on a fellow. But for a serious moment before the dropping of the curtain on the last act, if you are interested, I will say in a few words what I have been describing in these few paragraphs, (gee, I know a little English). There are offered at present two courses in general art work; for the particular fancy of the ladies, a course in design (or really two); for the sign brush slinger, the fundamentals of the advertising business. To further appreciate art and its relation to life we find an art study group. So take your choice and I'll guarantee (as a traveling salesman would) an interesting and worthy course.

Marching Along Together

(Continued from Page 23)

Janice Koran, hastening on her merry way—Betty Lou Wait's riding boots strike a dark note on the horizon—And Betty Lou, "where's Junior?" oh, oh, BELL—Just watch those brown pumps, black sandals and grey ties, oxfords and straps, boots and ski-pants, and all accelerate themselves into unbelievable activity and dash on their various ways—And incidentally, I'd better do a little acceleratin' myself, and send my grey sport shoes gallopin' out to yonder portable.

All Right! All Right!

Loretta Osborn

Probably the most outstanding musical program presented to the public this year was the appearance of the Vienna Boys' Choir at Memorial Hall, Tuesday, February 18. Two programs were given by the choir, one in the afternoon for students and the other in the evening for adults. This organization was presented under the auspices of the Kansas City Kansan.

The Boys' Glee club, under the direction of Miss Lorraine Ellis, vocal instructor, gave many fine programs to varied groups. This organization also gave a fifteen-minute concert over radio stations KMBC and WDAF earlier in the school year. They also sang on several programs during National Education Week in November. Keith Gosney was elected president of the club for the year. Approximately forty boys were enrolled in the club this year. The boys' quartette, which was organized late in the school year, was composed of Paul Lawrey, Paul Swisher, Clifford Reese, and Mac Tinklepaugh.

Under the able direction of Edwin A. Hosking, the instrumental department rose to a new height this year. The band, composed of eighty members, gave special numbers and field displays at the football and basketball games of both Wyandotte and Junior College. This group also led the Kansas Day American Royal parade, October 21, the band appearing in new uniforms. The coats were fashioned in military style in red and white. The hats were of the cadet type with white fountain plumes.

A benefit band concert was given on December 13 and 14 at the Northwest auditorium in order to raise money for the new uniforms. The band also played at the Gym Show on October 8 at the Wyandotte stadium. On March 12, 13, and 14 it played for the Regional Tournament which was held at the Wyandotte gym. The band also will play for the all city grade school commencement on May 26. The president was Bill Watson; secretary, Loretta Osborn, and librarian, Thelma Stearns.

Approximately forty girls make up the Girls' Glee club, which is also directed by Miss Ellis. This group furnished music for several P.-T.-A. meetings, banquets, churches, radio programs, and plays. This organization also helped give Cadman's musical comedy, "South in Sonora," at the Northwest auditorium on April 16 and 17. The girls also will sing for the convocations of both the Junior College and Wyandotte. This organization also lends its talent to the Junior College candle lighting ceremony at Christmas time and the National Honor Society initiation in May. The girls' quartette, consisting of Frances Hammond, Norma Jane White, Margaret Eagle, and Christina Provas, did some particularly fine work, especially with Christmas music. This organization was accompanied by Dorothy Mayer and had for its president Cecelia Wright.

The Wyandotte orchestra, directed by Mr. Hosking had an enrollment of only 50 members this year and contained some very good talent. It played at many civic affairs during the year, including the Chamber of Commerce Community Chest banquet. This group also played for the three plays, Kay Cees, "The Ghost Parade;" senior, "Hot Copy;" and junior, "Guess Again." The orchestra will also play for the commencement exercises.

On April 25, the orchestra traveled to Leavenworth, to take part in the Northeast Kansas League Festival. The guest conductor was Professor Dasch of Chicago. The pieces that were played there were "Valse Triste," "In a Monastery Garden," "Blue Danube Waltz," "Youth Courageous," and "Symphony Miniature in G." The president was Clifford Reese; the secretary, Loretta Osborn, and the librarian, Inez Rice.

The glee clubs also went to Leavenworth. The guest conductor for the combined choruses was Noble Cain. The pieces offered were: Mixed Chorus, "Go Down Moses," "Say Thou Lovest Me," "Christ of the Snow," and "Glorious Forever;" Girls' Glee club, "Calm Be Thy Sleep," "Persian Serenade, and Quiet;" Boys' Glee, "Indian Serenade," "Forward to the Forest," and "In the Northland."

Intuition—Or Something

Much has been said to try to prove or disprove the theory that there is a sense of intuition possessed by the fairer sex. All of the people on the earth have their own ideas on the subject. Before I entered this institution of higher learning, Wyandotte High, I held a strongly rooted doubt on the matter and scoffed at the idea that the young ladies whom I knew had any strange power of foresight.

For three years I have observed the actions of the girls who inhabit my class rooms, and after a great deal of research and study I hereby announce my conversion. I have arrived at the conclusion that if women haven't intuition, they've something so nearly like it that I can't learn the difference.

Take a seat in any classroom in this school where there are a number of girls. Sit in this room for several class periods and observe their actions carefully. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, exactly three minutes before the bell to pass to the next class the greater number of the girls produce compact and comb and start making themselves attractive for the next period. Promptly at thirty seconds before the bell these accoutrements disappear, and by the time the bell has stopped ringing, the girls are half way down the hall to their next class. Whether or not the girl carries a watch, the result is the same. This evidence leads to a final conclusion. Girls, at least those at Wyandotte High, have intuition—or something.

—Bill Hathaway.

TWO DIETICIANS DISCOVERS LAST OF THE VITAMINS

FOUND IN MUSHROOMS

Vitamin Z Also Found in Brussel Sprouts and Caviar; Cure for Dandruff.

Miss Charlene Davis and Miss Eleanor Lemen, dieticians, announce the discovery of a new vitamin Z. This is the last of the vitamins and has waited thirty years for discovery. Misses Davis and Lemen stated that vitamin Z is found exclusively in mushrooms, caviar and brussel sprouts. It is claimed that it is the only known positive cure for fallen arches and dandruff.

These well-known dieticians have spent months of research looking for this vitamin. They said that they haven't looked so hard for anything since they looked for and discovered vitamin Q.

TINKLEPAUGH APPOINTED AS AMBASSADOR

NEW EUROPEAN REPUBLIC

Tinklepaugh, On Many Diplomatic Missions Before, Is Well Known.

Maclure Tinklepaugh has been appointed as foreign ambassador to Hoochiegoochie, new European republic. Tinklepaugh is well known among the Washington circles and has often been sent on missions of diplomacy to foreign countries.

Tinklepaugh and his family will leave for Hoochiegoochie sometime this month and will take up residence in the American embassy there.

NEW BUILDING FOR LAME DUCKS IN WASHINGTON

H. TIPTON, ARCHITECT

Will Contain Recreation Room, Swimming Pool, Library, and Restaurant.

Howard Tipton, well-known architectural engineer, will have charge of designing and construction of the new government building in Washington, D. C. The building is to be a sort of refuge for the lame ducks of Congress. It will contain rooms for reading, recreation, swimming, a restaurant or in other words, just a place to house the "lame ducks" so they won't get shot at.

SO LONG COMES IN FROM BEHIND TO WIN DERBY

WHY WRITE IN SECOND

So Long Owned by Clay Johnson of Sunny Brook Farm—Show Place.

So Long, owned by Clayton Johnson of Sunny Brook farm, came in a whole length ahead of Why Write to win the annual Kentucky Derby held at Churchill Downs. Johnson is not only the owner of some exceptionally fine race horses, but also a string of polo ponies as well. Johnson, who has a large modern farm 12 miles west of here, has been a livestock breeder for years.

Sunny Brook farm is the show place of this part of the country having some 500 acres, a large, well equipped twenty-room house, large stables, a polo field, tennis courts, swimming pool, and landing field for the airplanes.

FAMOUS DOCTOR RESUMES STUDY ON CONTINENT

SECOND TIME IN EUROPE

Colleague Will Join Him and gether in France.

Dr. Howard Channell, well-known physician and surgeon, will sail abroad the Normandie tomorrow night for Vienna, where he will resume his studies of medicine and surgery. He plans to take a short vacation touring Europe before continuing to Vienna. This is Dr. Channell's second time in Europe, having spent one summer before studying in Berlin. His friend and colleague, Dr. William Coldwell, will join him in two weeks. They plan to vacation and study together. These doctors will be remembered as having together discovered a knifeless appandectomy method.

A NEW ROCKET IS INVENTED BY FRED GREENWAY

MACHINE NEEDS NO FUEL

Invention Puts Rocket Within Reach of All; Rich or Poor.

Frederick Greenway, famous aeonautical engineer, has invented a fuel-less rocket which is to be tried and tested in the presence of a group of famous scientisis. If it proves to be successful, it will put the rocket within the reach of the common man so the Astors and Vanderbilts won't be the only couples that rocket up to Mars for a honeymoon.

AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION WINS WAHOO TOURNEY

DEFEATS KOLAHA, JAPAN

Comes in Two Ahead of Opponent to Capture Title of World's Champion.

Showing superb muscle control, Sam Uzelac, American golf champion came in two points ahead of his opponent at the Wahoo Open Golf Tournament held at Tokio, Japan. His opponent being the hope of Japan, Koloha, the winner of the former Wahoo tourney.

Uzelac shot a birdie on the first hole on 10-up on his partner who shot par on the second hole. From then on it was an even match until the last hole and Koloha missed a putt.

ENGINEER FINDS MEANS OF SPLITTING ELECTRON

LONG AWAITED FIND

Scientists Say This Will Mean the Revolutionizing of the Electrical World.

Donald Stamps famous electrical engineer of Schnectedy, N. Y., is said to have found a way of splitting electrons and thus enabling them to be harnessed for power. This will mean the revolutionizing of the electrical world. More wonderful things than can ever be imagined will now be made and put into use.

Upon being qestioned, Stamps said, "I just looked at an electron and there it was!" Well, folks that is the way things are. Some of us can just look and look and never find anything."

ADMIRAL GRAY IN CHARGE OF NAVY REVIEW

FLAGSHIP TO BE AT HEAD

Fleet to Pass in Review Before the President in the Harbor at San Francisco.

Admiral Eldon Gray has been placed in charge of the review of the fleet to be given before the President in San Franscisco Bay. All of the battleships in Uncle Sam's navy will pass in review before the President with the flagship at the head and Admiral Gray on the flagship in full command of the fleet.

BATTY BREAKS OLYMPIC FREE STYLE RECORD

AMID CHEERS OF CROWD

Batty States That He Will Be Back to Break Own Record in Olympics.

James Jacob Batty, aquatic star, broke the world's record for the 100-yard free style in the recent Olympic race held at Melbourne, Australia. Batty is a well-known personage among the swimming circles having broken several records before.

Jimmie stated, "I'm terribly glad to have won this race and will be out to break my own record at the next Olympics."

CHARMING STYLE CHARACTERIZED IN A NEW BOOK

"LOVE ON AN ATOM"

Unusual Theme Concerning the Love Affair of an Electron and Proton.

"Love On an Atom" is the latest book off the press by Miss Sylvia Terbovich, famed authoress. This new book of Miss Terbovich's tells of the love affair of an electron and proton living on an atom.

TEN CENT STORE SAFE ROBBED OF A LARGE SUM

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

A. Allen, Owner and Manager, Thinks That Robbery Must Be Inside Job.

Almost $1,000 in cash was taken from the safe of the Whoozit Ten Cent store, according to the statement Arthur Allen, owner and general manager of the store, made to the police early this morning. Allen thinks it must have been an inside job because of the intricate combination necessary to enter the safe and the fact that the lock hadn't been tampered with or defaced in any way.

Allen says he will use everything in his power to catch the culprit. He states, "It isn't the money especially; it's just the principle of the thing."

SOUTH AMERICAN BUSINESS IS ON THE UP-AND-UP

IN SPITE OF DEPRESSION

Georgehardin Baker Is in This Country to Renew Trade Contracts.

South American business is on the up-grade according to Georgehardin Grant Baker, South American business man, on his return to this country. South American firms and American companies are on the best of terms and Baker believes the next six months will see greatly increased business between the countries.

Baker, who is an official in the South American Trade corporation, has returned to this country to renew some of his corporation's contracts with clients in the United States.

EXCLUSIVE SHOP TO BE OPENED ON MICHIGAN BLVD.

MOST MODERN IN CITY

Famous Designers to Make and Reproduce Own Well Known Fashion Designs.

One of Chicago's most exclusive dress salons will open under the management of three well-known dress designers in the fashion world. The Misses Janice Koran, Mary Jane Winkler, and Marjorie Jacobs will hold a formal opening of their ultra-modern shoppe on Michigan Boulevard the tenth of this month.

The salon is most unusual. The interior, which was done by Miss Rachel Bartlett of New York, is Chinese red, black, and gold with strictly modern furnishings.

The dresses will be designed and reproduced entirely by Miss Koran, Miss Jacobs, and Miss Winkler. It is said these designers rival the famous houses of Patou and Chanel in Paris.

BLAH COLLEGE AND X. U. TIE IN ROSE BOWL GAME

X. U. USES AIR OFFENSE

Even Score Result of Brilliant and Hard Fought Gridiron Battle.

Blah College fought a strong battle against the magenta and orange tide of X. U. to tie the score in the annual Rosebowl game 7-7 at Pasedena, Cal. The Blah Porcupines coached by John Claflin were slated to win but Robert Mears, coach of X. U.'s Gorillas, by some feat of magic, put into the boys what it takes to make an evenly fought game.

While the Porcupines gained more yardage by scrimmage X. U. gained more by means of some beautifully executed passes.

HAYSEED COLLEGE HIRES NEW FOOTBALL MENTOR

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

Don Bridges Has Coached Undefeated Team for Five Years.

Hayseed college has recently acquired the services of Donald Bridges as a Physical Education instructor and football coach. Bridges was brought from a small midwestern town, where his wonderful coaching ability was never fully realized.

In his career as an high school coach, his team was undefeated in five years and often their opponents weighed twice as much to the man. It is around this midwesterner that Hayseed has built its hope of winning the Big Three championships this year.

CUBS AND CARDS IN CONTROVERSY OVER PITCHER

CARDS SAY NO TO CUBS

Richard Pierce, Ace Pitcher for the Cardinals, Is Cause of the Discussion.

The Cubs and the Cardinals are having quite a controversy over Richard Pierce, ace pitcher for the Cardinals. The Chicago Cubs are willing to buy Pierce at any price and the Cardinals say that they won't sell him at any price. And so it goes. But the Cardinals are rather hard up for cash so it looks as though they may have to give in to the Cubs. The Cubs evidently haven't stated a price agreeable to the Cards because the manager of the boys from St. Louis hasn't even begun to give in. But take it from us—he's going to have to sooner or later.

MAJOR GOODING PREDICTS A BLOODLESS WAR

NO WAR FOR THE U. S.

U. S. Is Too Busy With Economic Problems to Take Time Off For Bloodshed.

There will be no war for the United States for a long time, according to the statement made by Major Ray Gooding, West Point military engineer. "Not that United States isn't prepared for war, but she has too much on her mind, with economic problems to solve, to take time off for bloodshed. I believe that the next war will be bloodless, what with the invention of gases and the disentigrator gun."

BROADWAY PRODUCTION TO BE STAGED HERE

KEITH GOSNEY DIRECTS

Musical Score to Be Sung By Jean Allen, Star of Former Gosney Productions.

Miss Jean Allen, one of Broadway's most popular stars, will be shown here in the stage production, "Sing Sing," directed and produced by the Cecil B. Demille of this era, Keith Gosney. The play is a musical comedy with Miss Allen doing the vocal honors and doing them well. She has as her lead that dancing heart throb, Reggie Buttercup. This play ran two years on Broadway and is the tops. Take it from someone who knows.

POLE TO POLE FLIGHT MADE BY AVIATRIX

FIRST TO PERFORM FEAT

Met at South Pole at End of Flight by Flock of Penguins and Natives.

Mary Cook, one of the most daring aviatrixes in history, is the first woman to have ever attempted a successful pole to pole flight. Miss Cook left the north pole at 3:20 this morning and, making record-breaking time, landed in Little America exactly eight hours forty minutes and six and two-tenth seconds later.

She was met by a flock of penguins and a score of cheering natives, settled there since the time of Byrd. Upon being picked up, by the television receiving set, Miss Cook stated that she was tired but happy.

FAMOUS BAND IS ATTRACTION AT SMART NEW CLUB

STAY TWO WEEKS

Ed Spaeth's Orchestra Features Girl Piano Accompanist and Arranger.

Edson Spaeth and his famous band is appearing at the Whoopee Club, exclusive and smart new supper club on the south side. Spaeth's music is most unusual and is well known among the supper club goers. His band is unusual in the fact that it is the only male band to have a woman piano player. This band boasts of none other than Miss Dorothy Mayer, leading piano accompanist and arranger.

Spaeth's orchestra has been booked for a two weeks' engagement and then it will go to Chicago.

Oh, The Music Goes Round and Round and It Comes Out Here

Charlene Davis

To glance at this you might think that it has little connecton with anything business like, but you might be quite surprised to find the amount of rhythm, melody, harmony, and accuracy that you see when you step inside any room in our Commercial Department.

Also, you might be quite surprised to find in years hence what "comes out here" from the training that is given to those who are in this department; and it is what comes out here that really counts, for statistics show that more young people go into the business world than in any other field, especially if circumstances are such that they cannot enter college.

The commercial department in Wyandotte high school is one which produces young men and young women who will make outstanding successes in tomorrow's business world. All of the teachers in this department, namely, Misses Inez MacKinnon, Elizabeth Patton, L. F. Dille, Alta Haynes and Mary Sellards, strive to teach the necessary essentials to make the business career of each young person successful.

The teachers have the objective of developing in the students a business knowledge of the particular field in which they are specializing. If it is bookkeeping, typewriting, or shorthand, the young person is given the best instruction along these lines.

But these three subjects alone are not the only phases of work that are found in this department of our school, as they are not the only ones necessary for a person's entering the business world. The students are taught to develop their personalities to fit the types of work in which they are interested. To be happy and do the best, one must like his work and be interested in it. Many a time has a promotion been given because an employee was giving his best and was interested enough to try to make the organization which was employing him a better one.

Another phase which is important is that the students in this department are taught that business is the social business life must supply these and our students are taught to understand this situation. They are taught the standards of competition and how to meet them. They are taught the values and meaning of profit and loss in the business sense. These play an important part in the business life of any organization. The business life of today needs men and women who have a thorough understanding and knowledge of values.

The business world of today has many in it who are successful and who give credit to the commercial department of Wyandotte for their training.

Within Wyandotte there are business transactions taking place daily. Money is being deposited, money is being withdrawn, and records are being kept. This important business is carried on by two capable men teachers, A. D. Peterson and Clarence Bolze, who are in charge of our treasury department. They are assisted by carefully chosen high school and junior college students. They keep records of high school and junior college activities. These students are given training in analyzing business transactions and in budgeting and systematic arrangements of records. We extend our praises and appreciation to Mr. Peterson, Mr. Bolze, and to their fine assistants.

We say to the commercial and treasury departments of our school "The music still goes round and round and comes out here"; and your work goes steadily forward and those who walk out from the portals of our school with business training are instilled with something that is priceless and something which will be of everlasting value."

That Queer Feeling

H. Brewster Powers

It was with a sense of foreboding evil that Jim Davis walked down the hall of the high school building on this sultry May morning. This feeling seemed to be reflected from all parts of the institution around him for the halls were deserted except for Jim himself. The portraits of many great men of unblemished character, and wonderful reputations, men who had won for themselves national recognition sheerly through their own abilities, lined the hallway. This stillness coupled with the solemn expressions of these men filled Jim's soul with a feeling impending disquietude.

There was more than mere premonition, however, behind all this. Jim had received the day before a summons from the principal of the high school, requesting Jim's presence at his office the next morning. Since the high school was an extraordinarily large one, Jim could hardly help wondering just what the meaning was behind this rather peculiar invitation.

It was not unusual that such a thought should enter his mind for with the duties of principalship pressing him, Principal Johnson seldom found time to make personal contacts with the general student body and the average student had no personal acquaintanceship with the principal. Most of the students at the high school had to judge the principal's personal qualities from his appearances in public. Naturally, when addressing the entire student body, the principal could not be so intimate as he would be under less public circumstances.

Jim was just an average student. Therefore, it is easily seen that he had learned but one side of Mr. Johnson's character and would have to judge him as he knew him.

However, another disconcerting fact had Jim feeling rather nervous. He carried on many activities outside of school. Probably this was the contributing factor to his mere average school work for he could not well afford the time which many school activities and studies required. Of late weeks, however, Jim felt that he was not even doing normal work because he was spending more and more time on his outside activities. He feared that perhaps Principal Johnson's attention had been called to something that he was doing wrong and that the head of the institution wished to reprimand him for it.

All these thoughts raced through Jim's mind as he walked down the hallway of this thoroughly modern and well-equipped building. As he neared the principal's office his steps faltered and he stopped for a moment to reconsider before entering. Instinct told him that the interview was going to be anything but pleasant, but he got the best control of himself possible under such circumstances and entered the doorway of Mr. Johnson's office. The principal's rather pretty secretary nodded her head, smiled a friendly greeting, and informed Jim casually that the principal was expecting him. Jim tried his best not to appear befuddled, but he felt rather ridiculous and erroneously supposed that the secretary knew he was sweating under the skin and that his heart was pounding madly. When he entered the private office he prayed that he might sink through the floor. This feeling soon left him after his gaze met the principal's for he was a kindly-looking man and did not appear so business-like nor even cold-looking as he had in public.

After the pleasantries of greeting were over the principal motioned Jim to a seat by his desk and asked him how he was doing with his school work.

Jim's spirits sank to a lower level than at any time after he had received the message, but he answered frankly that he was not doing so well as he would like to do.

Mr. Johnson smiled and said that possibly much of the other students' lessons were in the same condition, but that one could not expect such good results with the type of weather prevailing at the time.

Jim was plainly non-plussed. Had all his fears been for naught or was the principal gradually working up to what Jim thought was in store for him? The principal's next question rather startled Jim and he wondered why he got a glimpse of a pleading look upon the principal's face when the head of the high school asked Jim if he would do him—the principal—a favor. Jim felt so surprised that he was ready to expect anything. He told the principal that he would feel it an honor to be able to help him, but he doubted if he could be of much assistance.

With the knowledge that Jim would help him if possible, the principal then told the youth of things which Jim had been thinking all the time. Mr. Johnson told him that he felt acutely the fact that the general run of students in the high school thought him to be rather cold and seemed to be afraid to meet him personally. The principal asked Jim what he would do under such circumstances.

Jim very frankly told Mr. Johnson that before this meeting he had felt this way and that the thing he might do would be to get around to the various class-rooms more often, and in this way he could become more intimate with the students. So absorbed had Jim been in his talking that he did not see the look of satisfaction that spread over the principal's face at this speech. After the two had parted firm friends, the principal sat musing contentedly at his desk for he had found the real boy as he had wanted to and he was pleased.

As Jim walked down the hall after taking his leave, he saw beams of sunshine coming through the windows of the school-building and brightening up that hall which a few moments before had seemed so dreary and mournful. When he passed the portraits on his way out, he envied the men not one whit for he had found the real charatcer of a man and had made—a firm friend.

Our Scholastic Goals

Charlene Davis

The National Honor Society is an organization that merits all the praise that we can bestow upon it. The requirements for election to this organization are scholarship, service, leadership, and character. From this year's senior class of 586 persons 15% of the upper third of the class were selected for membership—86 students being so honored.

The installation service for this fine group was held May 12 at the Northwest Junior High School.

On May 15 the group attended a banquet at the Gould hotel.

Included in this list is the late Ralph Cameron, a prominent student, who died March 26.

The following members of the senior class were elected to membership in the society:

Mary Adair
Leonard Anderson
Eugene Baird
Cletus Baker
Georgehardin Baker
Marianna Bantleon
Roy Barcus
Jean Barker
Mae Belcher
Altheda Berkey
Betty Jane Boddington
Fay Carter
John Claflin
Billy Coldwell
Betty Lou Cooper
Edgar Crowley
Harriet Darby
Charlene Davis
Betty Anne Deane
Theda Deets
Sophia Deutch
Jean Devault
Lucille Dittman
Charles Dukes
Helen Fincke
Margaret Fish
Mary Fuchs
Alice Grable
Harriet Greenbaum
Conrad Griesel
John Hamilton
LaVerne Lee Happy
Lee Hassig
Lois Virginia Henry
Vivian Hessell
Carol Hinderer
Helen Hird
Robert Hoel
Elna Hogin
Lena Huber
Dorraine Humphreys
Delmar Janssens
Janice Koran
Marguerite Leffler
Betty Lee Lobaugh
Betty Ann Lynch
Eugene McGee
Carrie McLain
Frances McNerney
Dorothy Mayer
Robert Mears
Dorothy Mercer
Elizabeth Michler
Ben Miller
Louise Miller
Albert Muzenick
John Oakson
Billy Parsell
Evelyn Pemberton
Floranna Phillips
Richard Pierce
Brewster Powers
Gene Reynolds
Inez Rice
Edna Jean Rowell
Joe Sachen
Ilene Schreck
Gene Smith
Virginia Smith
LaVerne Spake
Donald Stamps
Thelma Stearns
Maxine Stewart
Bill Tenhagen
Sylvia Terbovich
Mac Tinklepaugh
Elmer Van Dyke
Sylvia Walinow
Jane Waring
Norma Jane White
Neal Willis
Harry Winkler
Darrell Wood
Bernice Woodward
Milton Worlow

The Summerfield Scholarship

While serving as a trustee of the Kansas University Endowment Association, Solon E. Summerfield, alumnus of the university class of 1899, was impressed with the splendid opportunity afforded by the association to help boys of Kansas who needed a college education to complete their preparation for responsibilities to be borne in society. After carefully considering what he desired to do and how he could best lend his asistance, he decided upon a gift to the endowment association for the support of a series of scholarships.

The scholarships are awarded each year to the most capable and promising graduates of Kansas high schools. Approximately ten are awarded annually. They are given for one year and are extended annually for three additional years providing the students continue to maintain a high scholastic standing.

In February principals of Kansas high schools are invited to nominate members of their graduating classes who best meet the requirements. Each spring examinations are held at convenient places to test personal ability. A limited number of those making the best showing are invited to enter the final examinations later at the university. From these are chosen as many as the Summerfield Fund will permit.

Wyandotte became interested in this scholarship about six years ago. At first none of our entrants were placed. Realizing what a wonderful opportunity this would afford any boy, the administration began a series of tests and preparatory training. Under the supervision of J. Clyde Hume, assistant principal, the boys have received valuable preparatory training which has proved of great assistance to them. Hume began the work this year with a group of 47 boys. He gave them a series of tests and eliminated them until he had a promising class of 15.

These boys were sent to Lawrence for their first test, March 28. This group consisted of these members of our senior class Brewster Powers, Georgehardin Baker, Billy Parsell, Robert Capp, Donald Stamps, John Hamilton, Darrell Wood, Billy Coldwell, Gene Reynolds, Edgar Crowley, Jeann De Vault, Albert Muzenich, Ralph Cameron, John Oakson and Leonard Anderson. Of this group of boys those who were not eliminated were called back for further testing April 24-25.

At the present time Wyandotte has five students placed at K. U. This is as many as any other high school in Kansas. We have two seniors, one junior, and two freshmen, Wyandotte also has the record of never having a student dropped after once being placed.

Girls' Sports

Anna Marie Smith

The girl athlete of today should develop moral strength as well as physical strength. Athletics, properly supervised, stimulates physical development, good habits, and proper care of the body. The different types of athletics help to preserve one's health. With the aid of Miss Helen R. Barnett and Miss Ardis Hill, girls may participate in sports such as basketball, baseball, swimming, tennis, archery and volleyball. Girls of today have a great advantage over their parents by being able to participate in these sports, which, during their parents' childhood, were probably never heard of. By entering into these sports girls may develop a wider knowledge of sports and they may also learn that one of the most important things in athletics is sportsmanship.

Swimming

The girls' swimming club was organized to give the better swimmers an opportunity to swim throughout the year. A little recreational swimming is also included in the club program, but most of the time the members strive to improve their strokes and dives and to pass the life saving test. They had six weeks of life saving instructions followed by the tests which were given in March.

The club has a membership of twenty-eight. The officers are Hazel Bodine, president; Altheda Berkey, vice-president; and Nancylee Penticuff, secretary and treasurer.

This year the club members voted to have pins. Nineteen girls are wearing them. Some funds which were left over from last year, obtained from a swimming demonstration, were used to buy a stop watch which is to be used in all G. A. A. activities.

A swimming meet was held in January. There was an "A" meet for the better swimmers, and a "B" meet for the less skillful swimmers. This gave the girls an opportunity to compete with the swimmers of equal ability. Events requiring both form and speed were included.

Front row, left to right: Nancylee Penticuff, Anna Marie Fredlund, Hazel Bodine. Second row: Anna Marie Smith, LaVerta Dresch, Evelyn Birdsong. Third row: Mary Rothus, Ruth Johnson, Elizabeth Utesch.

The spring activities included a demonstration which was open to the public. Some moving pictures were taken with the school machine. These pictures are to be used in teaching swimming and life saving techniques.

The swimming club activities play only a small part in the Wyandotte swimming program for girls. Each semester there were approximately eighty girls who were enrolled in beginners' classes and forty-five who were enrolled in intermediate classes.

That Wyandotte high is proud of the excellent swimming facilities available, is evidenced by the number of students who take advantage of them as an extra-curricular activity.

Basketball

Basketball is what we might call the main sport, because most of the girls enjoy this sport more than any other. In order to develop a good team, basketball calls for concentration, alertness, quick thinking, and teamwork, which are important for anyone. Each year the game has become more important with more girls participating.

A tournament was held during the month of October. Approximately 270 girls signed up for basketball. All games were played at the Wyandotte gym. The tournament was divided into two divisions: freshman-sophomore, and junior-senior.

The freshman-sophomore teams played each team in their division until there was a winner. The winner was Marion Hamm's team. The junior-senior division was played in the same way, the winner being Ruth Johnson's team. Then, in the finals Ruth Johnson's team defeated Betty Jane Baldwin's team for the title.

Front row, left to right: Juanita Bernard, Yvonne Jones, Bernice Woodward, Nancylee Penticuff, Cliftine Newitt, Edith Dye, Francis Godfrey, Mercedeta Montisenos, Patricia Palmer. Second row: Marguerite Leffler, Aletha Shopmaker, Glynn Woodcox, Helen Palmer, Hazel Bodine, Lucille Jennings, Georgette Cartwright, Verna Lee Carter. Third row: Edith Purch, Betty June Rupe, Rosemary Sharp, Thelma Stearns, Virginia Coy, Altheda Berky, Lucille Dittman.

The winning team consisted of the following players: Ruth Johnson, captain, Evelyn Birdsong, Anna Marie Fredland, Mary Rothus, La Verda Dresch, Nina Parkins, Hazel Bodine, Nancylee Penticuff, Isabell Utesch, and Anna Marie Smith.

Archery

An archery club was organized this year, which was under the supervision of Miss Helen R. Barnett. This is another healthful out-of-doors sport. In archery the bow and arrow are used, and also a target whose "bull's-eye" everyone strives to hit. The essential points to follow in order to become a good archer are: a good standing position, proper nock, a proper draw, anchor, aim, and release. Archery is a very old sport; it goes back as far as the Egyptians.

Because of the large enrollment in the club, it was necessary to divide the group into two divisions, one group shooting on Tuesday and the other group on Wednesday. The club meetings on these two mornings were held in Kensington park. In order to become a member a girl had to pay a fee of 25 cents, which helped pay for equipment.

A tournament for beginners was held in the spring. Any high school girl was eligible to enter. This tournament was sponsored by the Kansas Sport Shop. Trophies were awarded.

Front row, left to right: Johanna Kasito, Wanda Horosko, Bernice Rachazo, Mary Schwab, Juanita Fisher. Second row: Lucille Dittman, Vera Horosko, Frances Schwab, Frances Karninski, Verna Lee Carter.

Front row, left to right: Mary Jane Davis, Lucille Jennings. Second row: Dorothy Sears, Marcelle Larkin.

Volleyball

Volleyball is another sport that can be made interesting. The volleyball tournament is usually held in the spring; therefore, the results can not be given here.

A volleyball team consists of eight players. A game is played in halves of 15 minutes each with five minutes between halves. It was scored by points; but this year that was changed, and it is now scored by time. The serving side is the only side that scores, and they keep serving until side out is called. There are six officials in a volleyball game. They are: referee, umpire, two linesmen, scorekeeper, and timeskeeper. With everyone co-operating, this game can be made very interesting.

A tournament was held at the Y. W. C. A. during February and March. Approximately 312 girls signed up for this volleyball tourney. They played

First row, left to right: Frances Godfrey, Mercedita Montisenos, Gladys Voss, Mary Jane Davis, Ruby Todd, Ruth Polk. Second row: Jane Waring, Maxine Miller, Lois Henry, Betty Ann Lynch, Lucille Jennings, Georgette Cartwright, Francene Crozier, Marjorie Simmons. Third row: Kathryn Adams, Verna Lee Carter, Jean Dimsdale, Anna Marie Smith.

on Thursdays and Fridays in the mornings, beginning at 8:30 and ending about 11:00 o'clock.

Tennis

The girls who were interested in tennis had an opportunity to show their skill in a tournament under the supervision of Miss Helen R. Barnett. The girls signed up for either singles or doubles. The winners were Dorothy Sears, and Marcelle Larkin, singles, Ruth Hackett and Dorothy Handel, and Mary Jane Davis and Lucille Jennings, doubles. The interscholastic tennis title of the singles tournament was won by Argentine, and the doubles tournament was won by Wyandotte.

In the finals Helen Gentry of Argentine defeated Dorothy Sears of Wyandotte in the singles. Dorothy Handel and Ruth Hackett won the doubles from girls of Argentine and Rosedale.

Baseball

Indoor baseball, one of the many sports in which girls of Wyandotte are able to participate, was played in the form of a tournament. These games were begun out of doors, but because of bad weather had to be continued in the gym at Ninth street and State avenue. The tournament was divided into two groups, freshman-sophomore, coached by Miss Ardis Hill, and junior-senior, coached by Miss Helen Barnett. Eight teams were entered in the freshman-sophomore division and eight teams in the junior-senior division. There were approximately one hundred and seventy-five girls who signed up for baseball.

Ruth Hackett, Dorothy Handel

This tournament was played during the months of October and November. The games were played in the mornings, starting at 8:00 o'clock and ending about 10:30 o'clock. Juanita Fisher's team from Bethany defeated Helen Boston's team for the title.

The Bethany baseball team was composed of the following players: Juanita Fisher, captain; Bernice Rachoza, Mary Schwab, Francis Schwab, Vera Horosko, Wanda Horosko, Johanna Kasilo, Francis Kaminski, Rose Ratkey, Norma Rae Pearson, and Lucille Dittman.

"If" for Girls With Apologies to Kipling

If you can fill life full of wholesome pleasure
Yet not make fun your only end and aim;
If you can row and swim, play golf and tennis,
And yet keep sweet and girlish just the same;
If you can lead your class at school or college,
And yet not feel that you have learned it all;
Or being slow, see others rise above you,
Rejoice with them, and yet not feel you're small;

If you can like the boys and win their favor,
Yet not one minute lose your self respect,
But make each one you talk with feel the stronger
And glad to live the life that you expect,
If you can dress in style, and be attractive,
Yet do not think that clothes count more than brains;
If you can mix with those of wealth and culture,
Yet see that simple courtesy remains;

If you can meet with heartaches and keep cheery,
Discouragements—yet rise above them all;
If, daily, you can make the world the better,
Bring cheer to lonely hearts and help to all;
If you can win the love of little children,
And help to keep their lives sweet, pure, and true,
You'll grow to splendid womanhood, hood, my dearie,
And be of service what soe'er you do.

—Mary Floranda Smith.

From Cleats to Dashes

('Boyce' Sports) by Dick

To the athletes of Wyandotte and their coaches and trainers goes the honor of having won for the school a city title and an N. E. K. league title in football, a city title and a regional title in basketball, and third place in the state basketball tournament.

Besides these fruits of victory come the individual surges of pride experienced by all when the final gun announced another Crimson and White victory.

Before any sports activity whatever had begun, the school authorities found it necessary to make rules regarding parking and walking at the stadium, since the contractor for the new building wanted no one near his work.

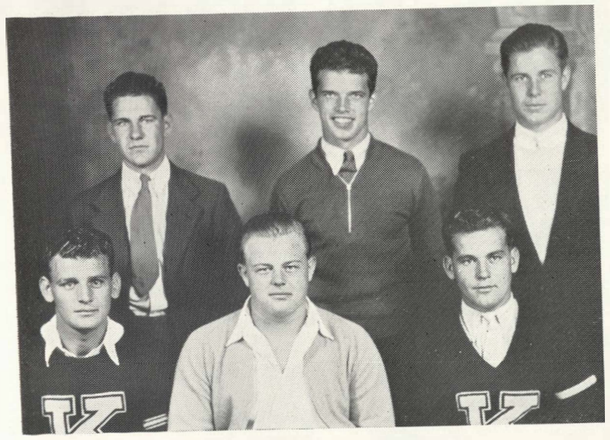
The first game of the season was with Central high school of Kansas City, Mo. The locals had a few more veterans than their opponents, but the teams were rated evenly.

John Claflin

The Scarlet backfield found itself occupied by John Evans at fullback; Donald Bridges and Richard Pierce, as halfbacks; and La Verne Spake, quarterback.

The line was filled by more than a few heavyweights: John Claflin crouched at center while Emmett Thomas and co-captain Jimmy Howard held the tackles' positions. Ends were Ray Gooding and Frank Docman, the other co-captain. Lawrence McCall shared the guard post with Sam Uzelac.

Front row, left to right: Jack Ramsey, Don Bridges, and John Evans. Back row, left to right: Richard Pierce, LaVerne Spake.



Left to right: Frank Docman, Jimmy Howard, Sam Uzelac. Back row: Lawrence McCall, Ray Gooding, Emmett Thomas.

The final gun of the Central game saw the Canines in front 40 to 0, thus avenging a loss to the Eagles of the season before.

The following week-end, the local gridsters engaged in a clash which marked the reopening of an ancient feud which had lain dormant for several years—that with the Red Lions of Lawrence.

Though the visitors led at the half, the Crimson team crossed the tally line in each of the two remaining quarters to end the game in their favor, 12-6.

Since neither of these games, Central or Lawrence, was of the Northeast Kansas League schedule, this loop was officially opened when the Scarlet Horde journeyed to Shawnee-Mission.

Harmon Reade, the Indian coach, surprised our boys when he brought out a better team than Shawnee has had in many years. The game ended scoreless, neither team being able to pierce the forward wall of their adversaries.

Perhaps it was the sting of this tie which aided the Parksmen in bringing home a 42 to 0 victory from Atchison the next weekend. And this despite the fact that Jack Ramsey and Austin McMillan, reserve backs, were out of the game due to injuries.

The Rosedale Wildcats were the next opponents of the so far undefeated Wyandottians. The Mount Martians had seven lettermen returned from the previous season and had won all their games so far by a decisive margin, but their hopes were shattered by the locals as the game was ended 13-6.

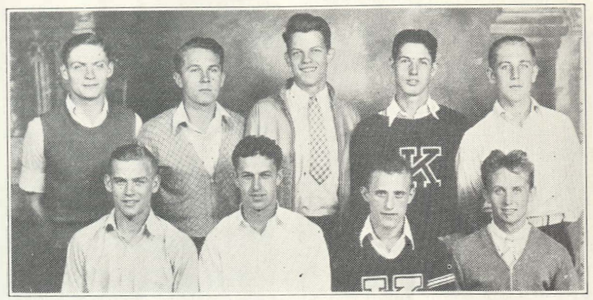
Then the Leavenworth Pioneers came to Wyandotte and were defeated 13 to 9. Dick Pierce earned the admiration of his mates when he made an intentional safety to prevent a Prison City score.

After the Argentine Mustangs were shut out 26 to 0, the Bulldogs were in position for the championship of the City League. A game with Ward High stood between them and the title, but a 21-0 final score for Wyandotte at the end of the game proved the Scarlet superiority.

Another old rivalry on the Gridiron was to have been renewed this year —that with the Topeka Trojans—but inclement weather made necessary two postponements and finally the game was cancelled due to the bad condition of the field.

And then came the battle with Olathe. The title of the N. E. K. league depended on the outcome of this clash. The meeting, scheduled for the afternoon, the only day game of our schedule, was changed to the previous night. The game was played and Wyandotte won 32 to 12.

The city and League champions were to be entertained Thanksgiving week in Lincoln, Neb., where they would play the grid team of that high school. The Links, as they are known, were champions of their city, county, state, and region, and had been offered $2,000 and expenses to go to Dallas, Texas, and play there. However, the Lincoln Board of Education vetoed the idea.



Front row, left to right: Al Sheets, Austin McMillan, Joe Kasinac, John Hennesey. Back row: Darcy Doyland, Gene Kelly, Bill Radencic, Charles Russell, and Bill Hahn.

But this veto did not stop the Links from administering to the Bulldogs their first and only defeat of the season—35-0.

The game was played in the University of Nebraska stadium before an estimated crowd of 6,000. Coaches after the game said that they believed the local boys had not had enough experience and heavy competition to buck a strong team which usually takes the place of the University of Nebraska's second team on graduation.

The football season was officially closed by two important events: the choosing of the city and Northeast league honor rolls, and the electing of the next season's grid captain at the annual Kay Cee's banquet.

Sponsored by the Kansas City Kansan, coaches and trainers of the city and league collaborated to choose players who played outstanding football during the season.

Ten of the Canines were chosen for honors on the City roll while seven of them placed on the league list.

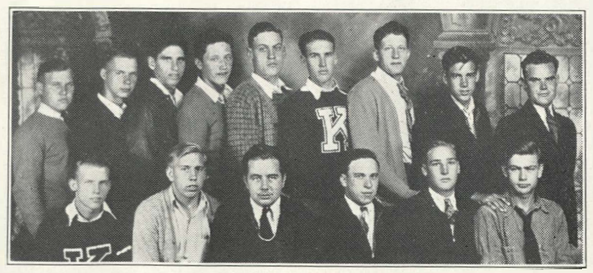
John Evans, Richard Pierce, Donald Bridges, Frank Docman, Ray Gooding, Jimmy Howard, Sam Uzelac, Lawrence McCall, John Claflin, and La Verne Spake rated city berths, while Evans, Gooding, and McCall were nosed out in the league race.

Twenty-eight boys chose Bill Radencic as leader of the 1936-37 football season at the annual Kay Cee's banquet at which the same 28 boys were awarded letters by Coach Percy Parks for their efforts during the season.

The regular line-up, except for Thomas and McCall, received letters for the second year. These two boys, with Lloyd Brown, Darcy Doryland, Bill Hahn, Joe Kasinac, Austin McMillan, Bill Radencic, Jack Ramsey, Charles Russell, Gene Smith, James York, Frank Callovich, Al Sheets, Bob Mears, Elmer Everett, Bob Gumpert, Charles Hicks, and Homer Watkins, received their letter for the first time. Reserve K's went to Howard Channell, Bill Deitchman, Elmer Henderson, John Hennessey, Gene Kelly, Dean Madden, Earl Matheney, and Willard Smarr.

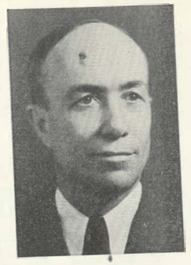
* * *

The basketball season opened with a bang as the Scarlet team met Shawnee-Mission on the latter's court, defeating them 39-9.



Front row, left to right: Watkins, Mears, Matheny, Gumpert, Everett, and Bush. Back row, left to right: Smarr, Madden, York, Calovich, Channel, Baker, Smith, Brown, and Ashley.

Left to right: Keith Gosney, Donald Stamps, Radford Bechtel, and Ralph Evans.



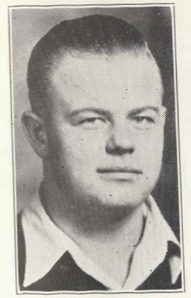
Ward Neel

Percy Parks

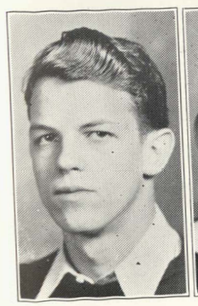
Guy House

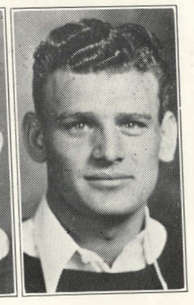
Merle Henre

W. P. Astle



Jimmy Howard





Bill Radencic *Frank Docman*

Their next game was with the Blue Eagles of Central high school, Kansas City, Mo. This also ended in victory for the locals 29 to 18, and the Parksmen went into the Christmas vacations with three games to be played. The first, that with Olathe, was an early set-back for the Crimson hopes, the Eagles winning 24 to 22. However, two non-league games, ending favorably for the Bulldogs, evened the score.

The Northeast Vikings fell, 28 to 20, before our onslaught, while the Rockhurst high school team went down in defeat, 27 to 12, at the hands of the Red and White. This game was one of the exhibition games of the three game program held at Convention hall, January 4.

Another city meet held the bill the following week, when the Rosedale Mount Martians tried their hand and found it lacking. They lost 18 to 15.

Atchison fell 42 to 21 and the Crimson basketeers played host to the Argentine Mustangs the following weekend.

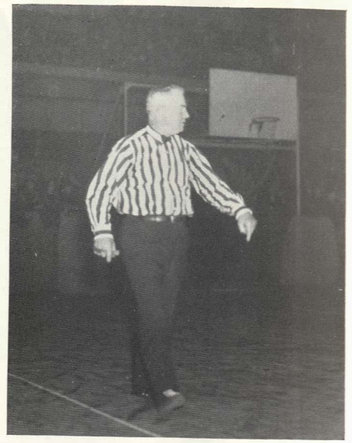
The Argentians, presenting their finest team in years, succeeded in downing the Scarlet players 29 to 20 and continued on their way to a then undefeated season.

Feeling ran high in the gym, and much booing was heard. Our fans threatened the referee, and several arguments caused fights after the game.

Cagesters from Ward high invaded the Canine court next, and were promptly beaten, 34 to 20. This win replaced the locals in second place position in the City League, but they still remained in third place in the Northeast Kansas League, however.

The Leavenworth Pioneers next fell before the guns of Parks' cagers as the final gun ended the game, 19 to 18. The return schedule began with Shawnee-Mission coming here, and then a non-league game clash with the Topeka Trojans occupied the Canines' time. Shawnee again fell, this time under the landslide of 44 to 13, and the Trojans went down by a score of 35 to 23.

The Rosedale Wildcats then were re-defeated by the locals, this time by



E. C. Quigley

the decisive score of 30 to 18, and the Olathe Eagles were handed a wet mitten as the Parksmen avenged their previous defeat and secured a second place position in the league. The final count was 46 to 23.

The most critical contest of the season was on St. Valentine's day as the

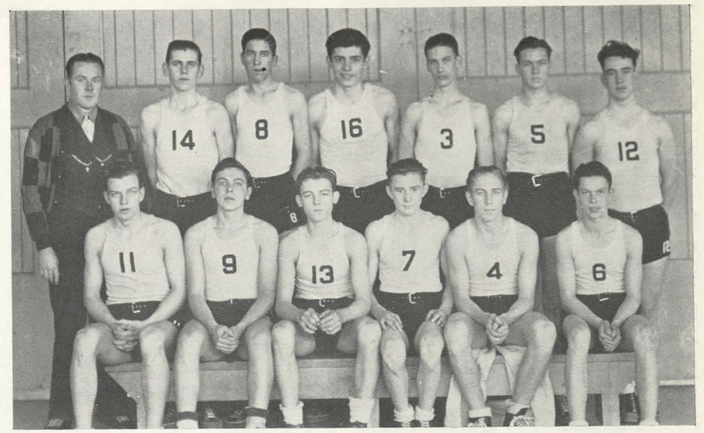
Top row, left to right: Coach Parks, La Verne Spake, Bill Ridencic, Bill Bond, James Baker, Howard Channell, Charles Russell, Lloyd Brown. Bottom row: Donald Bridges, Jack Ramsey, Mac Tinklepaugh, Bob Nodler, Richard Pierce, Joe Kasinac, Martin Yadrick, Darcy Doryland.

Bulldogs held their return match with the Argentine Mustangs on the Argentian courts. The small gym there was crowded to the sidelines and several hundred people were turned away from the doors.

The final score, 34 to 18, was in favor of Wyandotte and bedlam broke loose as the timekeeper's gong announced Wyandotte's leadership in the city league.

The return game with Atchison was a virtual repetition of the first, even to the score, which was 42 to 21, the same as before. A 19 to 18 score ended our return match with the Ward Cyclones and the Scarlet Horde again captured the crown of the City League.

This was closely followed by a non-league encounter with a team from the Southeast Kansas League—Coffeyville. This match marked the first time teams from these two leagues have met and the game promised an interesting spectacle. The Wyandotte boys won 25 to 17, and thus came to their return clash with Topeka, who has not won from



Front row, left to right: Parker, Dye, Brown, Holland, Hahn, Sillen. Back row, left to right: Coach House, Wait, Adams, Renko, Hallowell, Baker, Eddy.

the Red and White since 1928. She kept up her record by losing this match, 28 to 12.

The comeback engagement with the Prison City Quintet of Leavenworth decided Wyandotte's second

Front row, left to right: Henben, Batty, Nichepor, Vargon, Brown, Sachen; center row: Armbruster, Sheriff, Dyer, McCain, Buscheusen, Profitt; top row: Coach Roy, Bass, Mitchler, Smith, Tomshaney, Clary, Pierce, Watson.

place title in the N. E. K. league. The Pioneers were outplayed decisively, 38 to 26.

Then came the regional tournament. Sixteen teams were entered—eight in each class of A and B. Wyandotte was paired with Washington Rural, and after defeating them met Shawnee-Mission, who fell before our guns for the third time this season. This placed the locals in final position where they would meet Argentine, who had defeated Paola and then Rosedale for that honor.

Jack Buckman, the Mustang scoring ace, was held to no goals but managed to get away with eleven free throws because of the rushing type of play used by the Park's quintet. The game ended 40 to 23 for the Crimson and White, and Wyandotte's fifth straight regional title was won.

The following week, the state meet was held at Topeka. First round pairings found our boys bracketed with Kingman whom she defeated to meet Lindsborg. Argentine, who was invited to compete on her season record, was paired with Chanute and favored to win, but a two-point margin shut her out and then Chanute was defeated by Winfield.

The Crimson's defeat of Lindsborg gave them a meeting with Arkansas City, who was rated as the most powerful contender for the title.

Semi-finals in the lower bracket were between Winfield and Newton, the defending champion. Newton defeated Winfield and then Wyandotte lost to Ark City in a game which ended 30 to 22 and was the closest, hardest-fought game of the basketball season.

It was our boys' tendency to foul (due to their fast play) and their inability to sink their free throws which really lost them the game.

Football

Wyandotte	Opponent	Opponents' Score
40	Central	0
12	Lawrence	6
0	Shawnee-Mission	0
42	Atchison	0
13	Rosedale	6
13	Leavenworth	9
26	Argentine	0
21	Ward	0
	Topeka (Cancelled)	
32	Olathe	12
0	Lincoln	35

Basketball

39	Shawnee	9
29	Central	18
22	Olathe	24
28	Northeast	20
27	Rockhurst	12
18	Rosedale	15
20	Argentine	29
42	Atchison	21
34	Ward	20
19	Leavenworth	18
35	Topeka	23
44	Shawnee	13
46	Olathe	23
30	Rosedale	18
34	Argentine	18
42	Atchison	21
19	Ward	18
25	Coffeyville	17
28	Topeka	12
34	Leavenworth	26

Newton later defeated Ark City for the state title. Wyandotte played Winfield for third place honors, and though the boys were tired from their grueling contest of the morning, they easily won from their opponents, while the same evening Argentine won the laurels in the consolation brackets.

And before the memories of the season could be forgotten, the annual basketball banquet was held, at which Joe Kasinac was chosen as honor captain of the finished season. Coach Parks followed his usual procedure in awarding letters, 13 boys receiving major ones and reserve insignias going to four.

First row, left to right: Perry West, Edward Eastwood, Everett Willard, Altus Bradley, Elmer Haws. Second row, left to right: Paul Meyer, Frank Morris, John Rusconi, Frank Godfrey, Milo McHenry. Top row: Hugh Ludlow, Tommy Gould, John Watkins, Darwin Cunningham, Orville McHenry.

Jimmy Baker, Richard Pierce, Joe Kasinac, and La Verne Spake received their K's for the second year, while the following were awarded letters for the first time: Bill Bond, Lloyd Brown, Howard Channell, Bill Hahn, Bob Nodler, Bill Radencic, Jack Ramsey, Martin Yadrick, and Mac Tinklepaugh.

Donald Bridges, Steve Renko, Charles Russell, and Gene Smith were given the reserve K's.

The basketball season was over, but while it was going on, the Bulldog tanksters and the Bulldog track team were both building up enviable records in their respective sports.

The first swimming meet of the year was a double with Wichita's two high schools, East and North. Both matches were lost by large margins, 57 to 18 to North and 46 to 29 to East.

The proteges of W. D. Roy next went to the Kemper Military Academy for a dual meet. The Yellow Jackets proved too much for them and they returned home bearing the mantle of defeat, though the 39 to 36 score shows a close battle.

The following week, the locals journeyed to Beatrice and Omaha, Nebraska, whose teams both avenged losses to the Bulldogs of the year before by trimming the Canines soundly. Beatrice won 53 to 22 and Omaha took the honors in a triangular meet as follows: Omaha, 45; Newton, 29; Wyandotte, 24.

At home again, the Wyandotte water boys lost to Wichita East, 49 to 26 and then tied with the Wentworth cadets, 37 to 37. Their last dual meet of the year was dropped to the Independence tanksters, 36 to 39. The Southeast Kansas League team was too strong for the Bulldogs.

The track team got off to a fine start by downing the Paseo Pirates, 48 to 47, and then had to cancel a meet with the Central Blue Eagles because of bad weather. The Paseo win maintained a record of ten years with no losses in dual meets. There were enough track candidates out this spring to form three complete squads, the regular first team, a team known as the B team, and the freshman-sophomore team.

A Student's Nightmare

Johnny Smith was a lad who sat down to cram, for teacher had said there would be an exam. Now Johnny got tired as the minutes dragged by and raised up his fists and rubbed hard on each eye. The scene that he saw when he opened his eyes made him open his mouth in the greatest surprise. He was not in the study hall as he had thought, but riding in splendor on somebody's yacht. It came to a harbor; no one was 'round, so Johnny climbed off to see what he'd found.

Walking a few miles, he came to a station where a guide welcomed him to Xam Nation. "You must see our Ruler before I say more," said the man as they started for the palace door. To Johnny's amazement this notable rule was the measuring stick he used when at school.

It was seated upon a big golden throne and, when it saw Johnny, fell off with a groan, "Oh dear, I'm literally dying by inches; you brought the wrong one, I told you he pinches!"

His wife, a red pencil, gay as a kitten, was one with which Johnny often had written. "Oh Hubby, be careful," this lovely wife said.

The rule only growled, "You were made to be led."

"I can't understand why you wear but one boot," said John, and he answered:

"I've only one foot. Our little boy, Mark, has been feeling so bad since your parents saw those last grade cards you had. Our Dr. E. Racer came in for the case, but he just rubbered around at each pretty face. Then Miss Mclley Cule came in for his nurse, but she did no better; in fact, she was worse. This giddy young thing caused quite a commotion, for as you may know, she is always in motion.

She and Oss Moses will be married today. You may see their wedding if you care to stay. Books for the altar have just been erected; the theme-paper ring has been well selected."

So Johnny sat down to hear them say, "I do." The number of guests was 1,492. Johnny thought he heard the wedding bells——ALAS!——

"John!" the teacher called, "it's time for your next class!"

—Beulah Storms, '36.

Sonnet to a Freshman

The ages sing your praises, lowly one.
You are so timid and so very shy;
But there is no one who can answer why
You always are the object of much fun.
A great tradition not to be undone,
Makes others look at you from up on high—
And how they laugh! But you, alas, you sigh,
And wonder at the brilliance of the sun.

Wise and sophisticated? No, not you;
But someday lowly one, you'll show you can
Have the good right to act the way they do.
Until that time should come, oh small worm, plan
To climb up, step by step so that you, too,
May be a senior scholar and a man.

—Janice Koran, '36.

Up to You

Life's a bunch of roses in a sky blue vase,
An' a bunch of pansies, with a baby face
In each blossom of 'em, looking out at you;
Life's a world-like playground; life's a task to do.

Life's a winding highway going out of town;
Life's a winding byway leadin' 'round and down
To where streams are running, rippling in the sun;
Glad days are the short days: sad days, the long.

Life's a winsome maiden smiling up at you;
Life's a lover's lane, too, you may wander through;
Life's a little cottage in an inglenook,
Standing in the shadows by a winding brook.

Life's a thing of struggle, fretting and despair,
Climbing up and falling, rushing here and there;
Life's as you shall make it—love and skies of blue,
Or grumbling journey—life is up to you.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

What a Life

(Taken from the diary of I. M. A. Blackboard.)

Ouch! Must she bear down so hard? I feel as though every bone in my body were aching. Please—be careful of that pimple on my face. I've eaten yeast for years now, and that pimple clings worse than cobwebs on a wall. Won't she ever get through? But I'll enjoy the groans of those kids when they read their assignment. Well! Well! Who's this? Teacher's helpers, I suppose. I wish someone would teach them the art of using a yardstick properly. Their diagraming works havoc with my diaphragm. Those pupils ought to understand diagraming by now, but then you can't tell about one of the hours. And does that teacher wield a mighty pointer! She bangs that stick against me so many times it takes me back to my boyhood days. Oops! THAT'S PRIVATE PROPERTY! That cute girl is coming over to me. She's good-looking but the way she messes me up is "everybody's business." Scratch! Scratch! If I were a dog I'd think I had fleas. Why doesn't someone clean me up! That chamois washrag would be so-o soothing. Whew, what dust! Who's cleaning me up? I'll bet it's that old cranky janitor. I wish he'd let the fat one attend to my bathing.

Ho-Hum! I'm so nice and clean after that bath. I'll just run and hop in bed and get a good night's sleep. Thank heaven after tomorrow I can rest for a couple of days. Well (stifling a yawn) goo-night.

—Helen Duer.

Gags and Gurgles

Mr. Wellemeyer: "Are you the man who made that long drive from the last tee?"

Mr. Hume: "Yes, siree, I'm the man." (Proudly.)

Mr. Wellemeyer: "Are you sure it was you?"

Mr. Hume: "Yep, certain, pretty, wasn't it?—270 yards." (More proudly.)

Mr. Wellemeyer: "Well, you owe me a new windshield and rear window."

Mr. Salyer: "Roy, what do I mean by foreign entanglements?"

Roy Edwards: "Spaghetti."

Edson Spaith: "Can you kick a football?"

Dick Boyce: "No, but the pigs kin."

The barber, upon gazing at Benny Allen's sleek hair, asked if he wanted it cut or the oil changed.

Mr. Bolze: "Clayton, define the word 'puncture.'"

Clayton Johnson: "A puncture is a little hole in a tire usually found at a great distance from a garage."

The Student's Alibi—dedicated to Jack Ramsey:

Can't study in the fall—
Gotta play football;
Can't study in the winter—
Gotta play basketball;
Can't study in the spring—
Gotta run track;
Can't study in the summer—
Gotta girl.

John Oakson: "That means 'fight' where I come from!"

Al Sheets: "Well, why don't you fight then?"

John Oakson: "Cause I ain't where I come from."

Gloria Biechele: "The boy I go with must be brave, handsome, generous, clever—but not conceited."

Donald Stamps: "Gee! How lucky we met!"

Eleanor Lemen: "Can you trust him?"

Dorothy Howard: "Why, he's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton."

Joan Darby: "Yesterday I saw five men standing under one umbrella and not a one of them got any water on himself."

Virginia Bantleon: "Was it a big umbrella?"

Joan: "No, it wasn't raining."

Jerry Claywell: "Do you want a piece of candy?"

Mary Jean Ora: "Sure."

Jerry: "Well, stick out your tongue and let your gum drop."

Mrs. James gave a test and asked the question—"Why does the sun never set on the British flag?" This gave Charlie Sands cause for much pondering, until he finally reached a decision without too much thinking and the answer Mrs. James saw on his paper was, "Because they take it in at night."

Bob Little: "Do you know which president before the Civil War wore the smallest hat?"

Eldon Gray: "No, which one?"

Bob: "The one with the smallest head."

Lyle Waite: (returning to car from postoffice) "Of all the politics! One has to have a pull to get into the postoffice nowdays."

Mickey Fields: "Why, what's wrong?"

Lyle: "Look at the door! It says 'pull' doesn't it?"

Bobby Thomas: "What are you doing with your socks on wrong side out?"

Rad Bechtel: "My feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."

Johnnie Claflin says he's so fast that he can stand before a mirror and beat himself to the draw.

Chuck Russel: "Names are funny things. Did you ever stop to think why you were called Bill?"

Bill Radencic: "Dad says because I came on the first of the month."

Mr. Gray: "I venture to assert that there isn't one boy in this class who has ever done anything to preserve our vast forests."

Frank Docman: "I've shot woodpeckers."

Elmer Vessels: "Your diary is an underground cave."

Isabelle Browne: "I'd like to know why?"

Elmer: "It's full of secret passages."

Al Musenich: "What are you thinking about?"

Milton Worlow: "Nothing."

Al: "Well, why don't you take your mind off yourself?"

Mr. Jensen (explaining the difference between corporal and capital punishment): "If I were to be flogged, it would be corporal punishment. Now, if I were to be hanged, what would that be?"

Gerald Mullens: "Capitall"

Jewell McVay (to Bob Thomas at Kay Cee's banquet): "You won't read that etiquette column in the Pantograph and now look at you! Here's the dessert and all you've got left is a butter spreader."

Mr. Jensen: "Can I get a room for three?"

Clerk: "Have you a reservation?"

Mr. Jensen: "Do I look like an Indian?"

George McCarten, Jr., went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your family?" asked the physician.

"Does it disturb my family?" echoed George. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation."

Miss Timmer: "And are you sure that this story is original?"

Al Becker: "Certainly, it is."

Miss Timmer: "Well, well! I didn't think that I should ever live to see the day when I should meet Rudyard Kipling."

Roberta Palmquist: "Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful? Such harmony! So inspiring!! They thrill me!"

Francis Schmale: "You'll have to speak louder. I can't hear a word you say, those confounded bells are making such a racket."

Mrs. James: "Bob, what is a synonym?"

Bob Smith: "A synonym is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Mr. Gray: "What is water?"

Jane Goebel. "Liquid that turns black when you put your hands in it."

Richard Pierce: "Old boy, your overcoat is rather loud."

Jimmie Baker: "Well, I'll just put a muffler on."

Mr. Harriss had been giving a lecture to his class on modern inventions. "Can any of you boys," he said, "tell me of anything of importance which did not exist fifty years ago?"

"Me," exclaimed James York.

Billy Hahn's idea of how a he-man should be played is to throw out his chest three inches and slowly follow it across the street.

Dick Boyce: "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

Marjorie Jacobs (encouragingly): "Well, Mr. Boyce, there are numbers of intelligent girls in this city."

Gladys Voss (at concert): "What's that book the conducter keeps looking at?"

Bill Watson: "That's the score of the overture."

Gladys: "Oh, really; who's winning?"

Miss Martin: "Correct the sentence 'Before any damage could be done the fire was put out by the volunteer fire brigade.'"

Ruby Todd: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire brigade."

Josephine Grundel: "Where were you born?"

Frank Janssens: "Sweden."

Josephine: "Why?"

Frank: "I wanted to be near my mother."

Brewster Powers: "Say, Fred, that girl of yours is sure lazy!"

Fred Greenway: "Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught her putting popcorn into the pancakes to make them turn over by themselves."

Jimmy Howard: "Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud in my Business Principles class I keep myself awake."

Doctor: "In that case, I would advise you to sleep in another room."

Rachel Bartlett (to a cop at a busy intersection): "What's the idea—no traffic light here?"

Officer: "I'm the light at this corner, lady."

Rachel: "Then turn green, so I can cross."

John Claflin: "Dave, why don't you stand up and let one of the ladies sit down?"

David Shade: "Why don't you stand up and let them both sit down?"

Clerk: "Are you looking for something in men's clothing, sir?"

Mr. Parks: "Certainly not, I'm looking for something in women's clothing. I've lost my wife."

H. L. Pettit, the strong young man of the school, met one of his acquaintances over in the store the other day. During their conversation H. L. called the other a liar.

Jack Ramsey naturally resented this remark.

"Look here, Nuisance," he said, "I'll give you just five minutes to take that back."

"Is that so?" H. L. replied, extending his chest impressively. "And suppose I don't take it back in five minutes?"

"Then," said Jack, after a slight pause, "I'll extend the time."

Miss Smith: "Who can tell me what the former ruler of Russia was called?"

Class (in unison): "Tsar."

Miss Smith: "Correct; and what was his wife called?"

Class: "Tsarina."

Miss Smith: "What were the Tsar's children called?"

There was a pause, and then the timid voice of Lena Huber piped up: "Tsardines!"

Miss Palmer: "Did you make that split-pea soup for dinner?"

Mary Fuchs: "I've started it, but we can't have it till tomorrow. It's taken me all day to split the peas."

When Mr. Kammeyer was asked if he and his wife were saving any money since starting their new budget system he replied by saying, "Sure! By the time we have balanced it up every evening, it's too late to go anywhere."

Miss Dille: "Can you operate a typewriter?"

Hazel Probst: "Yes, I use the Biblical system."

Miss Dille: "I never heard of it."

Hazel Probst: "Seek and ye shall find."

Mr. Bolze: "There are two dollars missing from my desk drawer and no one but you and I have a key to it."

Clayton Johnson: "Well, let's each put a dollar back and forget it."

This Writing Business

Robert Capp

John F. Landers (Johnny to his friends) had felt proud of himself. Most people would agree that he had a right to feel that way. In his junior year at Marshall college he had published a book, "Storm at Sunset," which had been a best seller for months. It had been published by Tripleday, Horan and company, noted New York publishers.

Johnny had been invited to parties, to banquets, had his name in the headlines of literary magazines, and was generally hailed as a "new, streamlined edition of Shakespeare."

But that was all two years ago. He hadn't attempted any books since then. "Haven't time," was his excuse. Many who knew him intimately heartily agreed, because, as they said, he spent most of his time in the company of Jean Gordon.

Jean had recently moved into a penthouse apartment. This evening, as usual, she was entertaining John F. Landers, author. But she acted strangely tonight, as though she wanted to tell Johnny something that he wouldn't like to hear.

"What's the matter with you, Jean?" asked Johnnny. "You act like you got ants or something." (No doubt the English professors at Columbia university, who had hailed him as "handling the English languauge perfectly" would have been shocked, had they heard that burst of oratory).

"Well, Johnny," she started, "There's something I have to tell you. I don't like to, but I think I should. Do you remember what our school teacher used to say? 'Some people just can't stand the prosperity.' That's you, Johnny. You think that the world should always look to you as a sort of a miracle man for that one book. You expect your name to go down to posterity for one piece of work. Well, it won't. People aren't made that way; they soon forget. Furthermore, I won't marry a lazy man. So now you get busy or lose me forever."

"Jean!" Johnny expostulated. "Why, you wouldn't, er, well, I'll be laughed at, you can't, you wouldn't throw me down, would you, Jean?"

"You've been letting me down for two years, Johnny. I told all my literary friends how good you were—even got my dad to back you while you were writing, and now you've quit."

"Uh huh," grunted Johnny. "I'm going out on the roof to get a little air. No, you stay here, I'd rather do this alone."

The only thought in the mind of John F. Landers was to walk right off that roof. The public was forgetting him, and now his fiance had gone back on him. He'd rid himself of this cruel world.

"I guess I'd better be quick about this. Well, here I go. Down two stories already and no bad results. Maybe I ought to pray. H'm, there's Dick Farlow and the gang. Quite a party, too. Let's see, Dick's room is on the twenty-fourth floor, so I guess I'm down six stories. Too bad I'm ending this up. I could write a 'Thoughts of a Condemned Man.' That'd sell good. People always go for that sort of stuff. The 'profs' used to tell us one couldn't fall this far without being killed long before he hit the ground. Too bad I can't tell them that stuff's all wet. Look out, there's an awning below, and when I hit that, I'm afraid the management will have to buy a new one.

"People down there on the street are getting bigger. Let's see, what street is that? Oh yes, I know, California Avenue. Well, 'California, here I come.' Not bad. I'll bet there'll be a little publicity about this anyhow. Then Jean will see they haven't forgotten me. Well, here goes the last story. I guess the cement will feel hard—"

"Johnny?" nervously inquired Jean. "Johnny, I'm sorry, really. I didn't mean what I said. You were so quiet I thought maybe—. I really don't care if you never write another book."

"What? Huh? Oh, yes. Gee, sorry! You gave me a plot for the best story you ever heard of. But I guess I won't get to see you for awhile. I'll be busy for a few weeks."

"Won't see me!" snorted Jean. "Listen, Johnny, this is leap year and we're going to see a justice of the peace right now. Come on, don't stand there with that funny look on your face."

For the Team

The scene was a flat, grassless patch of ground. The sleet and rain were coming down in sheets, the wind seemed colder than it ever had before. It was while I was on the "Scrub" team. Football practice had just started. A small group of players huddled in a group, watching the other players go through their signals. Each one of the boys huddling there was eager to go into the game even though the ground was ploughed into a mass of cold, wet mud by the cleats of the players' shoes.

The coach looked over to pick out a player to substitute. Everyone of us watched the coach with great anticipation. The choice, a thrill which only a person on an athletic team can experience, came to me. The coach told me to take the right guard position. Then the other players with typical sportsmanship slapped me on the back and told me to do my best.

I went to my position and played through the game. My fingers were numb, and many times throughout the game they stung with pain from being stepped on. My suit, hands, and face were covered with mud as was every player on the team. When the whistle blew to go into the dressing room, I ran in tired but happy.

As I was dressing, the coach came up to me and said, "Nice playing." I couldn't help feeling glad all over that I had done my best—"for the team"—and Wyandotte.

—Bob Smith.

"The Four Warblers"

(Continued from Page 17)

foot out in front of the left so as to keep her balance. Second, she straightens up her shoulders. Third, she clasps her hands together. Fourth, she takes such a deep breath she could blow salt two blocks. Fifth, she smiles and the last step which is the most important, opens her mouth, lets the tones come out, and takes a bow.

But that isn't all. The guilty one has to sing with three girls to see if her tones will blend in nicely with theirs. If it doesn't, that is too bad for her, because in a quartette, the voices must blend in together.

That is done the same way with the rest of the girls until they find the right four.

After the quartette is selected, there is plenty of work to do. It isn't just play. If you are asked to sing out in the public, you must practice until you know the song very well.

The quartette helps one in a good many ways. But the main help which it gives is poise. I am sure no one can have too much poise, for if we are to be cultured men and women, we must have poise.

—Frances Hammond.

Theme On Nothing

I'm going to let you in on a little joke, but first you must promise not to tell anyone because I wouldn't want it to get back to my English teacher.

Yesterday in class she told us to write an English theme on Wyandotte high school. The theme was to be from 200 to 250 words in length, and what's more she was very serious when she made the assignment.

I'll admit that I do talk a lot, but I don't think I talk enough to give her the impression that I could talk on and on, and use up a whole 250 words. Why, I don't think I know that many words! Of course she doesn't say you couldn't use a word more than once, but if you used it more than three times she said you were violating "euphony" which has something to do with the "health" of words! It's just plain "phony" to me but there I go—punning, the lowest form of humor! What I meant to say is, if you use words too often, they get sick like human beings and if you keep on using them they're likely to suffer from a "nervous breakdown." And, what with this epidemic of "flu" around, one has to be careful, even with words.

About the only unusual thing that has happened since I've been here is "friendship day." You never know how many friends you have until you start getting them on paper. I counted them and there were 101 names. Of course, I can't remember them all by name, but it's nice to know you have so many friends, even though, they might not all be really friends when they become better acquainted with me; but then, too, they might all be "tried and true" someday. However, you can't write a theme about something that hasn't happened yet. I wonder what Mrs. James would say if I wrote all the names of students down who signed my tag. With their first and last names that would be 202 words—and without repeating any words, too.

You know something? I'll bet she won't ask me to write another theme after she reads this one, but she certainly asked for it. At least, I bet it is the first theme she's ever had on —"Nothing."

—Janice Gates.

Ye Commemorative Ode

(Dedicated to ye memorie of ye janitore with apologies to Chaucer.)

'Twas on ye Tuesdaye eveninge
When this grate thynge dide cum abowt.
Ye buildinge was desertede,
Al of ye studes were oute.

Excepte in twentie-sevenne
Everyone had lefte,
But there ye Quivve editors
Swink and ate and sleptte.

Yen ye Kammeyer doth exclayme,
"Ye Quivve stuff ys burned!
Twas left in ye wayst basket
Ye news just now I've learned."

"What shalle we do? What shalle we do?"
Ye Quivve Eds they crie.
Ye Quivve stuff ys burned.
Ye salt teers fyll each eye.

Ye Kammy strateforth goeth;
Ye guiltie one ys learned.
Powers is the catiff wretch
Who's got ye Quivve stuff burned.

Yn a wayst basket he hath parked it,
Ye stuff, a grate byg rol.
Now in the furnace they have burned yt.
Ye eds are in the hole.

But criing can not mend yt.
Yt must be writ agayn;
But then the gladde news cometh.
Somme hope doth yet remayne.

Ye stuff has not been burned,
Ye Kammy doth clayme.
Yt ys nowe in the furnace,
Ye janitore, he doth clayme.

"On your horses ye Quivve eds,"
Ye Kammy doth declayme.
"Yt may yet be discovered
Go! Find yt and wyn fayme!"

Thenne Powres, and Baykre, and Warlowe,
And Hattie ran pell-mell
Down the steps and through the halls
So fast they nearlie fell.

On tryping feete our heroes thenne
To ye enginne roome did fli.
Ye furnace was disgorged
And Warlowe he did crye,

"Heer yt ys. Comme and see!"
Yt lay upon ye floore.
Al stuff for ye deer Quivve
Al fore yt and more.

Ah glorious daye; glorious daye!
Time of grate jolitee
When al ys myrthe and al ys joye
For al on ye Quivve!

Three cheeres, ye eds al,
For ye janitore and H. Lee!
Al honor and glorie to them belong!
Al sang and chortled with glee.

An nen ye Eds like mighty men
Did swear each, one by one,
That nevere should lik calamities
Be caused agayne in funne.

—Bill Hathaway.

Seniors, "Good-Bye"

In May, when every flower is in bloom,
When every bird is chirping a tune,
When cooling winds are heard to croon
To insure a peaceful afternoon.
Amid this glory—our seniors appear,
Commencement rites at last, are here.

Each dignified senior gleams with pride,
And yet they appear as a mournful tide.
We know they'll miss dear Wyandotte High,
As they leave its walls, with many a sigh—
But, after all our pride and joy,
This beloved group, each girl and boy.

Congratulations, we offer you all,
You certainly merit each praising call.
We are going to miss you throughout the year,
And wish for your presence daily, here.
May happiness carry you on, and now—
Seniors, come here and make your bow.

—Genevieve Siladay, '37.

Reminiscing

The last of my life at Wyandotte!
Oh, what a grand time I've had.
Sometimes I was loath to study,
But of what I have learned I am glad.

Its halls were so crowded with people;
Some laughing, some talking, and yet,
Some very seriously walking
To the place where his mind was set.

Each one with a destination;
Each one with a place to go.
Even I had a place of calling
And must hurry—time doesn't go slow.

Sometimes before study had started,
I lingered a while with a friend,
A classmate or maybe a teacher,
Each one to help me to an end.

Study, of course, 'tis not play.
One is sent to school to learn.
To know, and to use that knowledge
Should be something for which we would yearn.

Many new friends I have found
Within these walls so dear.
Whose friendships I shall treasure
And remember for many a year.

But why should I be lonely
With thoughts that I leave behind,
Each one tucked away forever,
An indelible stamp on my mind.
Some day I'll be reminiscing
And think of my high school days
And be happy to think that Wyandotte
So graciously showed me the way.

—Mary Fuchs.

Our Alphabet

A is Adair who o'er golf course does roam;
B is for Besse who assigned me this poem;
C is for Connett new in our school;
D is for Divelbiss, red haired, but cool;
E is for effort that takes all our time;
F stands for failure we all leave behind;
G stands for Guy, our mechanical boss;
H is for House, who throws all for a loss;
I is for Alibi Ike, who is late;
J is for Jensen, coach of debate;
K stands for Kammeyer, accident king;
L is Lorraine, who's ready to sing;
M is for Moles, mathematical shark;
N is for Neel, who assists Mister Parks;
O is for office that can make it hot;
P is for Pop, who puts all on the spot;
Q is for questions, the teachers affair;
R is for Roy, who is losing his hair;
S is for Salyer, who makes you a wreck;
T is for Tevis, who gives 'em a check;
U is for Useless, these lessons we learn;
V is for Varner, to tennis he turns;
W stands for Wellemeyer, principal great;
X is for cross ones who grate when we're late;
Y is for young ones all hard at their work;
Z stands for Zumwalt, efficient as clerk.

—Bob Hamilton.

A Life of a Pencil-sharpener

Oh, here comes a girl to have her pencil sharpened! My, what a pretty girl and such bright red fingernails that they nearly blind my eyes! Yes, we have eyes. You know those places where the pencil goes? Well, they are our eyes. I have sharpened her pencil and now I can rest a while. What a beautiful scene from this window! The leaves on the trees in the spring and fall are so beautiful and in the winter the snow covers the ground.

Well, I must go to work again. One can't dream and play all of the time as some of the boys and girls of this class do. Some of them just come back here to sharpen their pencils when they do not need it; for example, this boy coming now. He stands and looks out of the window as he pretends to sharpen his pencil and just puts more work on me.

Oh, if I only had the life of a boy or girl! Nothing to do all day long but go to school and then play the rest of the time! What an easy life! Some of these students are very intelligent and must study very hard. What do you say we listen in on a recitation of one of the most intelligent students of the class?

Teacher—"Mary will you please take this sentence and read it correctly."

Mary—"Here come my parents." Don't you think she is intelligent? You know, we pencil sharpeners learn many things in these classes from the pupils, because we give very close attention.

Well, I can see that I am going to have to go back to work. This person happens to be Mary and I don't mind working for her because she treats me kindly and doesn't make me work hard. Oh! I feel that I have written more than I should have but the teacher told us we could express ourselves very freely. Why yes, I go to school, didn't you know that?

—Helen Ellis.

St. Peter's Defeat or What Makes the World Go 'Round

St. Peter went a 'knocking
To buy a soul or two;
One, the soul of Alice
And possibly Tim McGrew.

Now Tim was mostly Irish,
And knew a think or two.
He always looked for happiness
With a future Mrs. McGrew.

He thought, "This buxom damsel
Who sits upon my knee
Would make a jolly girl-wife
From St. Patrick to me."

A knock upon the door
They both rose from the chair:
"Who comes aknocking here?
I ask again—who's there?"

The door opened slowly.
St. Peter, silent, stood there
And drawing back his cloak
The sword of Death lay bare.

Hark, ye, to St. Peter
The kingdom is troubled, maid
People are living longer
In hope of gov't aid.

I bid you travel with me.
No cries, you silly maid!
I sigh to have to do it,
But such is my trade."

Tim cried, "I'll go, St. Peter.
I'll scrub and cook, sew, too.
I'll write a faithful record
Of all who visit you.

But spare this pretty maiden
Who some again will woo;
For she is kinder and gentler
Than any cow that moo."

Suddenly the dimpled darling
Clapped her hands in glee,
"Why not some of the cubs
From old Wyandotty-ee?

I heard an editor saying
He wished they all were dead,
They made the paper lousy
And kept it in the red.

His chief ambition
Was to fill them full of lead.
They think that caterpillars
Belong upon a bed."

St. Peter thanked her kindly.
He knew just what she meant.
The suggestion of the damsel
Was surely heaven-sent.

The door then closed silently.
Unto his bosom she went,
"Oh, marry me tonight!"
His bony knee was bent.

As to the fate of cubbies—
That is later news,
But Alice and loyal Tim
Are raising five McGrews.

—Betty McKee, '37.

Chocolate Memories

I hadn't spent much time in the country. I had always lived in a small town; so when my mother told me that I could visit my uncle, who lived in the country, I fairly danced with joy. I had everything in readiness and counted the days until I should go to surprise my aunt.

An automobile stopped in front of our house. My uncle had come. My dreams were materializing. I was soon in the car and we were on the way to the farm. The whole countryside seemed to be joyful. When we were about five miles from my uncle's home I noticed the telephone wires seemed to hum. I commented on this to my uncle. He replied, "Huh, they're hummin' all right. I'll bet your aunt knows all about you by now. You know how farm women like to talk."

We drove up a small lane and uncle said, "Wal, here we are." I jumped out of the car. As I struck the ground, whom should I see but Aunt Virginia running to meet us. I exclaimed, "How did you know I was coming?"

She answered, "Why child, haven't you heard of the party lines. Everybody that you passed called me up. I'll say there haven't been less than twenty calls telling me that you were coming."

By this time we had reached the house. My cousin came dashing in from the barn. She danced me about the room until I thot the floor would come up to greet me. She finally burst forth—"We heard you were coming, so I got the milking all done early. Say, won't we have a lot of fun? Some of the neighbor kids are coming over. We'll pop corn and make candy, and you're just in time for the pie supper."

We did not go to bed early, but I may as well have stayed up all night for all the good it did me to go to bed. I could not sleep because that pie supper preyed incessantly upon my mind. How could I get a pie when I didn't know the first thing about making one?

The next morning I swallowed my pride and went to my aunt, who was considered a good cook, and asked her to help me. I needn't have been ashamed for what do you think she said? She said that she had never baked a pie in her life. When I recovered from that shock a bright idea struck me. I rushed back to the kitchen and started preparations to make chocolate fudge. All I had to do was to make the filling for my cousin had already made the crust. I made the candy thin, then thickened it with corn-starch. By the time it was in the crust, Jennie also had her filling in the crust. We both placed the meringue on our respective pies and put them in the oven to brown.

We all gathered in the school house and each girl placed her box on a table in the front of the room. The pies were raffled off, the highest bidder getting the pies.

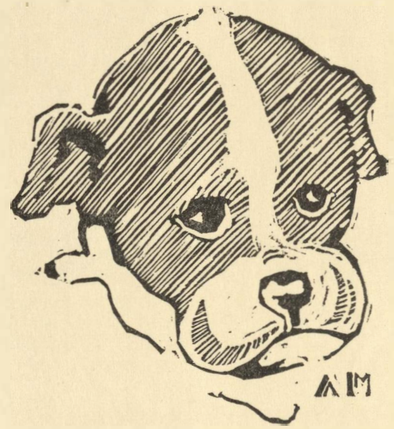
I had not stopped to think of the digestibility of my pie until I overheard a remark, "I'll bet there will be a lot of sick people here to night."

Then I remembered chocolate fudge in crust! My pie was shoved before me and a young farmer said, "Let's eat."

I suddenly decided that I didn't like pie—leastwise not chocolate. I told the lad so. He gave me a surprised look but said nothing. He then started eating. When he left, somewhat in a hurry, there was but one-fourth of a pie left upon the plate.

To this day I have had no enthusiasm for pie suppers!

—Edith Hanks.



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